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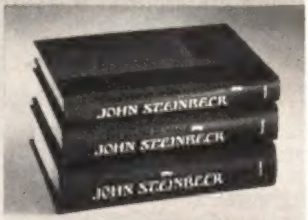

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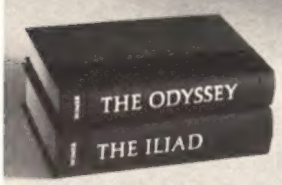

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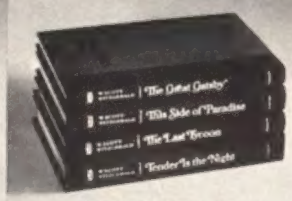

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JULY 14, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 2 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

According to TIME's cover story this week, eight out of ten Americans will sooner or later suffer from backaches. The rate may be even higher for journalists. They spend long, sedentary hours crouched over typewriters and telephones, wedged immobile in the seats of planes and press buses, and trapped by deadlines that elevate stress levels past the danger point: practically a prescription for back pain. Yet of the TIME editors, writers and correspondents who contributed to this week's story, only a few confessed to back problems. Medicine Writer Anastasia Toufexis, who wrote the story, and Adrianne Jucius, the reporter-researcher who assisted her, approached the subject with pain-free objectivity. All of those involved, whether they count themselves among the afflicted or not, gained useful insights into the physiology—and the psychology—of aching backs.

Stoler, Pierce strain backs

Joyce Leviton of TIME's Atlanta bureau interviewed a physiotherapist who can tell from a person's posture whether he or she has a back problem. "He looked at the way I sit in a chair and deduced, correctly, that I have had bouts of backache," she says. New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, who first injured his back in a mountain climbing accident a decade ago, interviewed numerous doctors, researchers and fellow sufferers. "There is more awareness of the problem today," says Stoler. "Fewer people are enduring in silence any more. More people are aware of the need to maintain a certain level of physical fitness, especially as they get older." Linda Stern Rubin of TIME's Midwest bureau found Detroit engineers and designers conducting surveys and motion tests to determine ways to make automobile seats more comfortable. The Los Angeles bureau's Joseph Pilcher visited several "pain clinics," where such unconventional therapies such as acupuncture and electrical stimulation help patients deal with back pain.

Chicago's Gary Ruderman was told by one neurosurgeon that prolonged periods of squatting would reduce pressure on the spine. Ruderman tried the posture while waiting for a bus, but found the view of passing knees and the stares of passers-by unnerving. Backaches are also an occupational hazard for photographers, who labor not only under stressful deadlines but also under large amounts of equipment. Bill Pierce, whose photos accompany the cover story, is typical. He threw his back out several years ago and now does special exercises regularly to avoid a recurrence. Says he: "If I backslide, it isn't long before a twinge reminds me."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Designed and photographed by Henry Wolf. X ray courtesy Ilford, Ltd.

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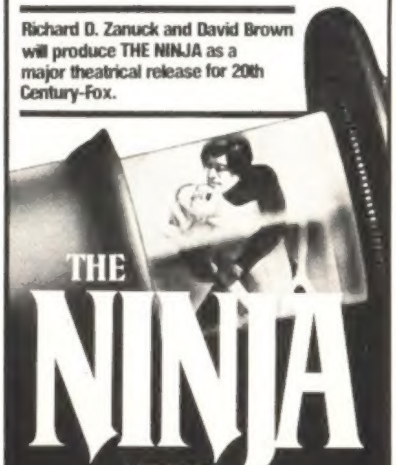

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Letters

The Other Power

To the Editors:

Your special issue "Inside the U.S.S.R." [June 23] sent chills through my spine: the vastness, the power and the capability of this "other" superpower.

Sister Mary Edith Bohan
Omaha

Thank you for the revealing look at the Soviet Union. I tried, oh, how I tried to be objective, but God bless America!

Frank A. Russo
Utica, N.Y.

It would have been more appropriate to call your issue "A Surface Glance at the U.S.S.R." An "inside" look would have delved much deeper into such areas as Soviet prisons, mental institutions, the party machine, etc. Your pictures don't show people suffering under oppression.

Eugene Y. Dyatlovitsky
Golden Valley, Minn.

I smiled when I discovered a country with problems like teen-age vandalism, faulty railway systems and an economy in a serious slump, and a place where talent, brains and hard work do bring opportunities. "But so do status, pull, hustling and ruthlessness." We tend to forget that there are real people in that large country with wants and needs like ours.

Steven-John Kopischke
Brooklyn Park, Minn.

Until such time as the free people of the world acknowledge all the gross atrocities committed by the Communists, we shall continue to be threatened by the terror of nuclear holocaust. Ten times ten thousand of your articles explaining the U.S.S.R. add up to nothing but the glorification of Mother Russia.

Andrew Simock
Venice, Fla.

Strobe Talbott states that one aim of the issue is to "help TIME's readers better understand the Soviets . . . and therefore fear and hate them less." Instead of trying to deny or deaden our feelings of fear and hatred toward the aggressors, perhaps we should be thankful that our ability to experience those emotions has been restored. They just might be the only stimuli left to make us realize the importance of rebuilding our nation's military strength and self-esteem.

Lynne Tridico
Allentown, Pa.

Our nation is now suffering from a deflated-ego crisis. Having been No. 1 so long, it's damn hard to recognize the fact that we are no longer the supreme power in the world. We can no longer tell nations around the earth: "If you accept our system, we'll feed, clothe and defend you." The Soviet Union has now achieved that dubious faculty. Only time will judge how they handle this new responsibility.

Rocky Miner
Scottsdale, Ariz.

To me, the presence of the two great powers is a blessing to the inhabitants of this planet. If not for the checks and balances of the East-West blocs, the strength, influence and authority of either would have destroyed the less powerful states.

Bode Odejayi
Lagos, Nigeria

Now that the Soviets are within striking distance of the West's oil lifeline, and the U.S. is incapable of a nonnuclear response, TIME readers may have to get used to a lot more "Russian flavored" issues.

Steven Raeside
Tulsa

I was struck how remarkably like Americans the people look. Where are all the cold, tough looking, anti-American, Orwellian robots I've heard about in school, on the news, in the papers and from friends and neighbors?

Paul Fenimore
Palos Verdes, Calif.

TIME's excellent portrait of life and politics inside the U.S.S.R. provides a double bill of fare for thought. In spite of differences manufactured by man-made ideologies, we people are after all as the leaves of one branch and the fruits of one tree.

Richard Bennett
Brockport, N.Y.

It appears that the men of the two world superpowers can agree on one philosophy: second-class comradeship for Soviet women and second-class citizenship for American women.

Elaine Seibert
Detroit

Americans suffer both unfounded and well-founded fears of the Soviet Union. Distinguishing between them requires familiarity with the history, cultures and attitudes of the peoples of that country. With greater knowledge about the Soviets it is possible that our mindless dread of the U.S.S.R. could be converted into an educated caution.

James E. Fontenot
Abbeville, La.

Let repression in the U.S.S.R. continue. If the Soviets were to institute our type of capitalism, with their hard work and abundant resources, they would become ten times the country we are.

Jerry Sturdivant
Bishop, Calif.

I was surprised that you failed to mention anti-Semitism and its effect on Soviet science. I refer not only to the human tragedy suffered by refusenik scientists, but also to the bulk of Jewish scientists struggling within the system. Among the older generation, some of the world's greatest scientists have been denied influence and honor because they are Jewish. And in the generation striving to get training, many find the better universities closed to them because they are Jewish.

The growing anti-Semitism bodes ill for the future vitality of Soviet science.

Barry Simon, Professor of Mathematical Physics, Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Yuri Sherling, director-founder of the U.S.S.R. Jewish Chamber Musical Theater, was given a monumental task: to create a Jewish theater without the basic tools of music and scripts, to perform in Yiddish for a Jewish population that has not been able to study Jewish culture or languages, and to perform "out of town," where the Jewish population is very small.

In making it difficult for Mr. Sherling to find "space and support," and wondering "what to do about him," the Soviet Union is apparently using this musical theater merely to placate those who demand full cultural rights for Soviet Jews.

Myrna Shinbaum, Associate Director
National Conference on Soviet Jewry
New York City

Muslims have always been considered enemies by Russians. In fact, the tragic fate of the Crimean Tatars was essentially based on racism. Today there is a forced assimilation of nationalities that are of the Muslim faith. For example, they often feel they have to change the endings of their names so that they sound Russian. The name of the muezzin you pictured, Gamid Javadov, is surely not his original name.

Joseph Hrvatin
San Francisco

The Russification of the Ukraine is a reality. Russian chauvinism exists in every aspect of life, including the preplanned elimination of Ukrainian culture. You refer to a partnership between the

Russians and Ukrainians, and yet you fail to mention that the vast majority of political prisoners in the concentration camps are Ukrainians.

Roman G. Golash
Evanston, Ill.

In recent months Soviet authorities have arrested key Christian leaders and clamped down on the religious activities of believers. Is this the beginning of a purge reminiscent of Stalin's and Khrushchev's antireligious campaigns? If we in the West remain silent, it could be.

Richard Fager
Kettering, Ohio

History shows that nothing boosts Christian faith like making it subversive.

Howard A. Snyder
Winona Lake, Ind.

It is becoming increasingly clear that the Soviet Union will preside at our dismemberment, but it could not be said that it was the cause of our illness.

Patrick E. Freeman
Great Falls, Mont.

Contrasting the educational achievements of the disciplined Soviet classrooms and our own disorderly morass of public school education makes me wonder if Educator John Dewey does not classify as a supertraitor.

Joan M. Forde
Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Your article on energy was marred for me by a single statement: "Not hindered by Jane Fonda–like ecology zealots, the Soviet Union is moving ahead on nuclear energy." The antinuclear movement in our own country is not Jane Fonda. It is a broad-based coalition of people who fear irreparable harm to the environment and the totalitarian measures that would certainly have to be taken to ensure security—if that is possible—in a nuclear world.

David B. Konigsberg
New York City

The photograph of the young Soviet honor guard shows she is about my age (high school). As I was admiring her determined look and stance, a stark realization hit me. Some day, if war comes, I just might have to kill her or her brother.

Marc Mendoza
Normal, Ill.

TIME's articles convinced me that our Olympic boycott will succeed only in keeping thousands of inquisitive minds from interchanging ideas. Peace and understanding will be the losers.

Danny-Joe Driscoll
San Francisco

As an Estonian whose parents fled Soviet persecution during World War II, I abhor the Soviet government's repression of human rights. Still, its people are human beings and deserve to be respected as such, if not by their leaders, then by us. It's high time for Americans to take the trouble to look with interest at life in the U.S.S.R.

Talvi Laev
New York City

Prostitutes? In a nation that successfully eradicated all vestiges of class exploitation and bourgeois decadence?

Mitchell Winthrop
Chicago

A New York professor said to me: "How can you say that there are no civil rights in the U.S.S.R.? After all, you, a known enemy of that system, continue to publish in *Pravda*. One can only envy such tolerance!" He referred to your incorrect identification of me as someone who "sometimes writes for *Pravda*." At first I thought that the information was just a very amusing misprint—I have long stopped contributing to *Pravda*. Then I thought, thank God, TIME is not published in Moscow. In my days there, some editors of *Pravda* lost their jobs for far more innocent misprints. During the Stalin era many journalists ended their days in concentration camps.

Arkady Polishchuk
New York City

Incredible! A whole issue devoted to the Soviet Union without once mentioning chess!

Manfred Zitzman
Wyomissing, Pa.

The outbreak of pulmonary anthrax, attributed to the development of biological-warfare weapons in a Sverdlovsk military facility, is, as you say, a revelation that is sure to contaminate further the atmosphere of détente. As Alexander Solzhenitsyn says, "This is the same détente that the West basked in so contentedly while millions were being exterminated in the jungles of Cambodia ... and at a time when a thousand men, including twelve-year-old boys, were being executed in one Afghan village." We need détente like we need a hole in the head.

Jim Barroll
Columbia, S.C.

My husband is a Muscovite, born and bred. Your magazine brought me so much closer to the life he lived until 1976, when he was able to emigrate. His future is American now, a fact for which he is ever thankful. However, the pictures of Moscow, streets on which he walked, restaurants he visited, Red Square, took him back to a life that he has kept shrouded in the shadows of years gone. For the first time I felt I really began to understand what it means to him and his fellow refugees to be Russian.

Mrs. Yevgeni Liberman
Columbus

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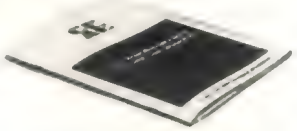

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In California: Confronting the Empty Page

A powerful case can be made that in a society heavily mulched with gossip journalism, novelized movies, campaign biographies, airline magazines, the printed baffle-gab of lawyers and academics, interviews with pious athletes and pouting ads by misunderstood oil companies, the affliction called writer's block is insufficiently widespread. But no wretch who has ever tried to write anything will be surprised to learn that Nancy Isaac Kuriloff, a therapist who works in Los Angeles and deals with fear of writing, has plenty of clients.

"We are really talking about peril," Kuriloff says in the living room of her Brentwood apartment. She is an intense, frail-looking, girlish woman of 39 who moves about when she speaks, dashing to the bookshelf to verify a remembered fragment of poetry, changing chairs to find one whose compass bearing on the conversation is exactly right. When she listens, she cocks her head, nods emphatically —"Yes, yes, *yes!*"—leans forward in sympathy, sits back in surprise and pleasure, claps her hands.

Just now she is describing a ghastly scene, the desolate interior landscape of the becalmed writer. This bedeviled soul feels stupid, worthless, paralyzed; he is in a state of panic and isolation; he feels a terrible sense of impending disaster. "And in this situation the Critic is remorseless." That is Kuriloff's central perception: most people who write anything at all must deal, sooner or later, with a hostile, censorious inner voice. It will say, for example, "You must finish, and you don't have enough time." Or "You can't do it, you're no good, and everyone will find out." In Freudian terminology, this voice would be called the superego, but Kuriloff, whose abhorrence of jargon is reassuring to a writer, calls it the Critic. One jargon term she does not use is writer's block; the images it can suggest seem to get in the way of an awareness of the Critic.

Kuriloff is a poet who has been published in the *Atlantic*. But it was the agony of writing scholarly essays as a Ph.D. candidate in education at the University of California at Berkeley that led her to try to help other people. In college she was an expert player of the academic game, a great winner of praise and fellowships. Such accomplishments did not prevent her from feeling, as she once wrote, that each writing assignment was "a blankness, a barrier, a kind of enemy." She bested her enemy often enough to be able to do well as a teacher of writing at Berkeley, U.C.L.A. and Caltech. But she slowly began to transform her English courses into experiments in overcoming fear of writing. By 1975 she was calling herself a writing consultant, though she is not happy with that nondescription. A brief announcement in the Los Angeles *Times* of a two-part workshop on fear of writing set her phone ringing. Workshop led to workshop. Wounds healed. One woman went directly from a Kuriloff session to a motel, rented a room for the weekend and wrote. And wrote. And wrote. Another set down, miraculously, as it must have seemed to her, "My pen is shaking in my hand. I am about to write."

At any given time Kuriloff has about 30 clients in workshops (at about $85 for four hours) or privately (at $50 an hour). Her techniques, she is quick to admit, are not really original. She uses bits and pieces of philosophy and psychology, as well as the plays of Shakespeare, all of which anyone could assemble for under $30 in a paperback bookstore. To help clients be aware of the censorious Inner Critic, she tells them to keep a "process log" of feelings and frustrations during writing sessions. Get to know the Critic, she says; talk to it. To gain access to the level of the mind just below the conscious, from which ideas and images spring on those magical days when writing goes easily, she has students write nonstop for ten minutes. "Write about stone," she will say. "Don't stop. Don't correct. If you get stuck, write about how it feels to be stuck." A writer is terribly vulnerable as he reaches out to set words to paper. That is when the Critic strikes. And it is when Kuriloff is wonderfully protective. "You're just fine," she'll say. "It's O.K. to let it all come out."

When individuals turn up seeking help, there is no 50-minute-hour nonsense. A client comes in at 5 p.m. He is a patent attorney who found that he could no longer write legal patents. He knows the law. But he has been sitting in his office from 9 to 12 and 1 to 5 and cannot write. Kuriloff has discovered that he, or his Critic, believes rough drafts are contemptible. Perfect sentence A should lead to perfect sentence B, and so on. She puts him to writing "good garbage—accent on the second syllable, please"—and gets him to take his Critic out for a cup of coffee. He leaves her office apartment at midnight, still shaky, but after many such sessions he is once again able to write patents.

BEN MARTIN

Nancy Kuriloff and client wrestle with wordlessness

A brother and sister in high school show up. They have been having the kind of trouble in class that bright teen-agers have. Kuriloff tells them a lot of marvelously subversive stuff about schools—it is like having Batman on your side, the visiting journalist thinks. The most useful Kuriloff point is that Roman numeral outlines are an absolutely, positively, guaranteed rotten and useless way to start writing anything. Teachers like Roman numeral outlines, but teachers can't write. If you have to outline something, make a glob in the middle of the paper and put the biggest idea in it. Hang lines from the lines, and so on. "Net lining," she calls it.

A magazine writer appears, 33 years old, female, talented and, as of a few months before, so stuck on a long article about a political personality that she was prepared to give up her career and possibly her life. "Her Critic had possessed her," Kuriloff explains. "She could achieve no psychic distance from its clacking, scolding voice." Now she is writing again and even doing short stories.

As Kuriloff talks, the phone rings. She answers, listens, then covers the mouthpiece to explain that her caller is a young woman screenwriter who has fled to New York City with a bogged script. The phone conversation goes as follows:

"At this point, stay in your trance state and trust your unconscious." (Pause.)

"It'll be all right, and it will even be funny." (Pause.) "But if you get stuck, it's O.K. to call, and we'll work it out." (Pause.) "I really do. Much of the language is elegant. Much of the exposition is elegant. The problem is the same one Shakespeare faced . . ."

And so, soothingly, Kuriloff goes on talking.

—By John Skow

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TIME JULY 14, 1980

Four Big Decisions

High court rules on abortions, race quotas, open trials, safety rules

Sooner or later the most complex and explosive emotional issues in U.S. society come before the Supreme Court. Rarely, however, has the court handed down so many decisions of such importance as it did last week. In a mere three days at the end of its 1979-80 term, the court settled cases involving the angrily disputed questions of abortion, racial quotas, freedom of the press, and the right of federal regulators to impose heavy financial burdens on business in the interest of worker safety.

The Justices ruled

▸ That Congress and the states may refuse to pay for abortions sought by poor women, even when doctors deem the abortions to be "medically necessary." The vote: 5 to 4.

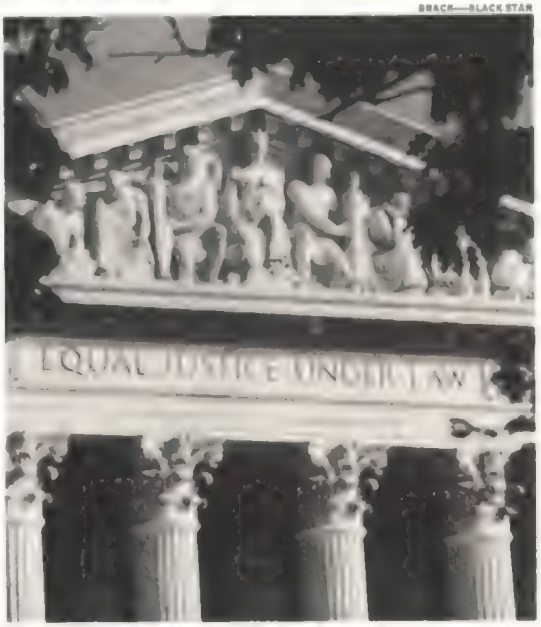
▸ That Congress may require 10% of the money spent on a federally funded public works program to go only to contracting firms controlled by members of racial and ethnic minority groups. The vote: 6 to 3.

▸ That judges must open all criminal trials to the press and public, except under special circumstances, such as when public attendance might jeopardize the fairness of the trial. This was the high court's first assertion of a constitutional basis for the press's "right of access" to important public information. The vote: 7 to 1.

▸ That a regulatory agency could not force companies to reduce the amount of benzene in the air breathed by workers if it merely believed, without proof, that this action would safeguard the workers' health. The ruling implied that regulators could not free a workplace of all risks to health and should not try. The vote: 5 to 4.

Momentous as these decisions were, they were announced with little air of drama. On Wednesday, when the final three decisions came down, some two dozen reporters jammed the basement pressroom of the Supreme Court building and grabbed for copies, prompting a court employee to snap: "Behave!" But upstairs in the ornate red-draped courtroom, the tourists who occupied most of the seats had little idea what was going on. The black-robed Justices referred to the cases by their uninformative docket names (the quotas case, for example, was identified as *Fullilove* vs. *Klutznick*), and Chief Justice Warren Burger announced two of the decisions by droning, "We affirm . . . We reverse."

The importance of the stakes, however, was underscored by the extraordinary vehemence of some of the dissenting opinions. In the abortion case, Justice Thurgood Marshall asserted that the majority ruling would drive many women "to back-alley butchers." Justice Potter Stewart chose to dramatize his dissent in the contracting-quotas case by reading it aloud. He accused the court majority in effect of endorsing "racism," and he practically spat out the word. Justice John Paul Stevens added that if race is to be a criterion for receiving public funds, the Government will have to start spelling out who belongs to what race. He bitterly suggested as a model a Nazi law defining who is to be considered a Jew.



Portico of the Supreme Court's Greek temple in Washington

Cryptic docket names for explosive emotional issues.

On such occasions, court watchers customarily try to ascertain where the court as a whole stands, whether it is moving toward conservatism or liberalism, toward activism or judicial restraint. The only answer is that the court is deeply divided. The four cases decided last week produced a total of no fewer than 22 concurring and dissenting opinions, which filled a total of 345 pages. Even those Justices who agreed on a decision often differed over the reasons for it. Only one opinion was signed by a court majority of five. Two of the decisions, on abortion and benzene, pleased political conservatives, while those on racial quotas and public trials contented many liberals.

The decisions confirmed earlier impressions that the Justices of the Burger Court decide cases on the basis of a painstaking review of the merits of each one rather than by the dictates of any overriding political or judicial philosophy. If there was any general theme to last week's decisions, it was judicial restraint: a tendency to respect the acts of legislators and ancient tradition. In the abortion and quotas cases, the court let bitterly disputed decisions by Congress stand, and in the trials case it stressed an Anglo-American tradition of public trials going back to before the Norman conquest of England in 1066.

The proliferation of opinions causes a certain amount of confusion. "Multiple opinions appear to be the court's *modus operandi*," says University of Virginia Law Professor A.E. Dick Howard, "and the bigger the issue the more likely the splintering." Adds Yale Law School Professor Paul Gewirtz: "The splintering reflects a breakdown of institutional cohesion and purpose, and creates all sorts of problems for lower courts and other branches of government who need guidance."

The complexity of the cases helps explain the splintering, however, and it is hardly unique to the Burger Court. The tremendous work load and end-of-term rush to judgment leave little time for collegiality. Nor are the divisions necessarily bad. Says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther: "I disagree with the assumption that the country is best off with Justices who have a simple, predictable framework. More often than not those courts have been wrong."

If the court is divided and groping over questions like abortion and affirmative action, so is the country. And while it is difficult to predict what the court will do in general "liberal" or "conservative" terms, the voting records of the individual Justices are quite consistent. For instance, Justice Stewart usually votes liberal on criminal rights, conservative on race; Byron White votes just the other

way. The only truly fickle Justice is the Chief Justice. He likes to be in the majority.

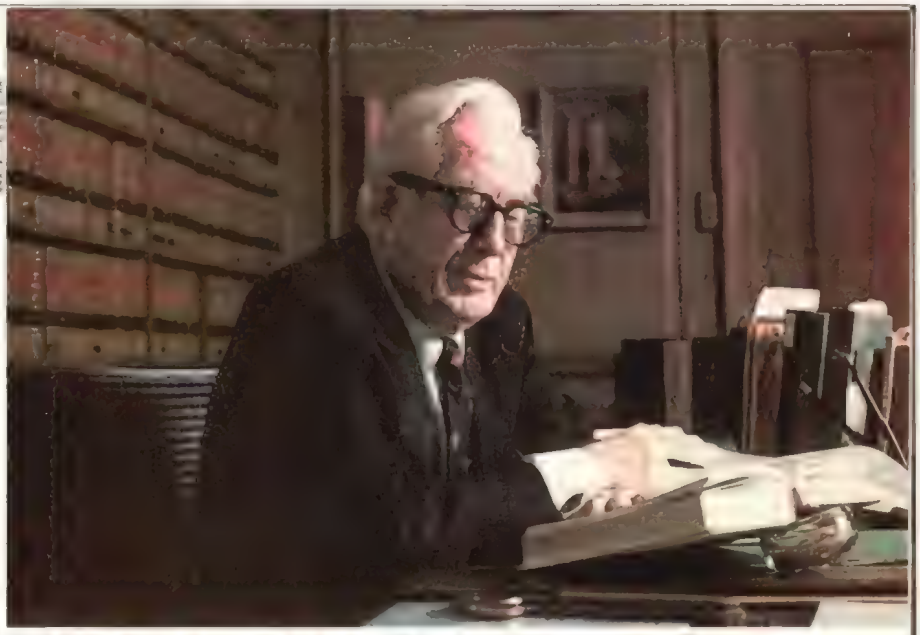
The four decisions in detail:

Abortion This is possibly the most flaming political-legal issue in the nation. Since the Supreme Court ruled in 1973 that a woman has a constitutional right to an abortion, at least in the early stages of pregnancy, the battle has come to focus on the question of whether federal and state governments have an obligation under the Medicaid program to pay for abortions performed on women who are too poor to pay. (The cost of the operation averages about $200.) In 1977 the court decided that there was no constitutional obligation if there was no compelling medical reason for the operation.

Nine months earlier, Congress had gone much further and enacted the Hyde Amendment, named after Henry Hyde, a Republican Congressman from Illinois. In its latest form it forbids federal funding for any abortions, except those necessary to save a woman's life or those performed on victims of promptly reported rape or incest. Last January, New York Federal District Court Judge John Dooling found the Hyde Amendment unconstitutional. Since the Federal Government helps states pay for almost all other medical services required by the poor, he reasoned in part, it cannot refuse to pay for abortions.

Not so, said Justice Stewart last week, in an opinion joined by four of his colleagues. The Government, Stewart said, does not have to pay to help the poor exercise their constitutional rights: it did not create their poverty and so has no constitutional obligation to help relieve it in this field. The Supreme Court has ruled, he reasoned, that Americans have a constitutional right to use contraceptives and to send their children to private schools, but "it cannot be" that the Government must buy contraceptive devices for the poor or pay private-school tuition for their children. Nor does the fact that Congress has chosen to pay other medical bills of the indigent create an obligation to pay for abortions too. "Abortion is inherently different from other medical procedures, because no other procedure involves the purposeful termination of a potential life," said Stewart, and the Government has an interest in protecting potential life.

Stewart also rejected the argument that restrictions on abortion force women to observe the doctrines of particular religious faiths. Said he, with a touch of casuistry: "That the Judaeo-Christian religions oppose stealing does not mean that a state or the Federal Government may not ... enact laws prohibiting larceny." The court majority, Stewart emphasized, was not declaring the Hyde Amendment to be wise social policy—if it did, "not every Justice who has subscribed to the judgment of the court today could have done so"—but only that Congress did not violate the Constitution by enacting it.



Chief Justice Warren Burger, the leader of a splintered court with ever-shifting alliances

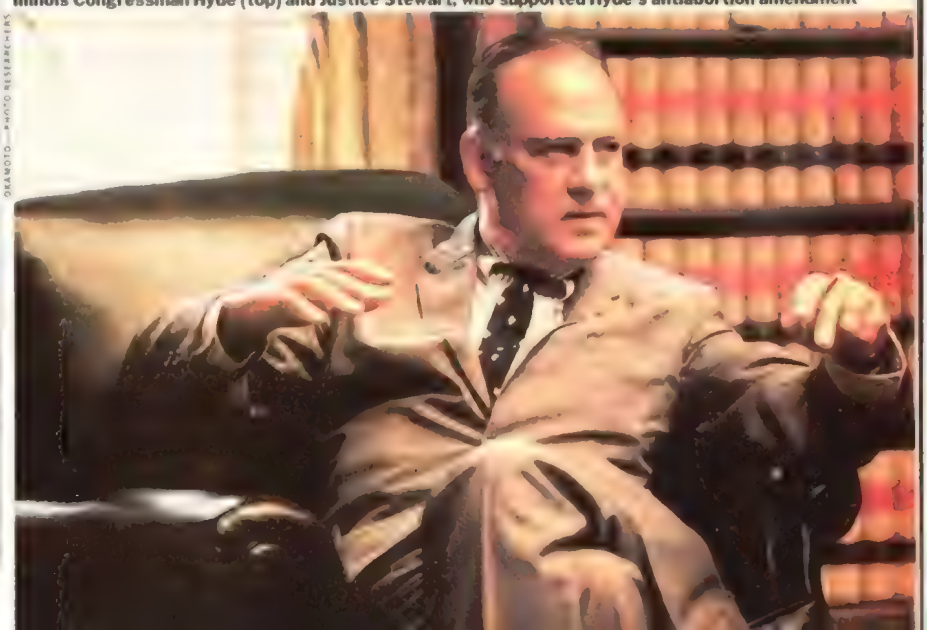
Justices Marshall, Stevens, William Brennan and Harry Blackmun wrote four separate dissenting opinions. But all agreed that the court majority was permitting Congress to deny poor women the constitutional right to an abortion, which the court itself had said all women possess. The Government, said Stevens, must govern impartially. He condemned the Hyde Amendment as "an unjustifiable, and indeed blatant, violation" of that duty.

Marshall and Blackmun, in addition, accused the majority of dry legalistic reasoning that ignores the real world in which poor women live. Marshall listed some of the alternatives open to an indigent woman who must pay for an abortion herself: "not paying rent or utility bills, pawning household goods, diverting food and clothing money" and even outright theft.

The practical effect of the court's de-

DIANA H. WALKER

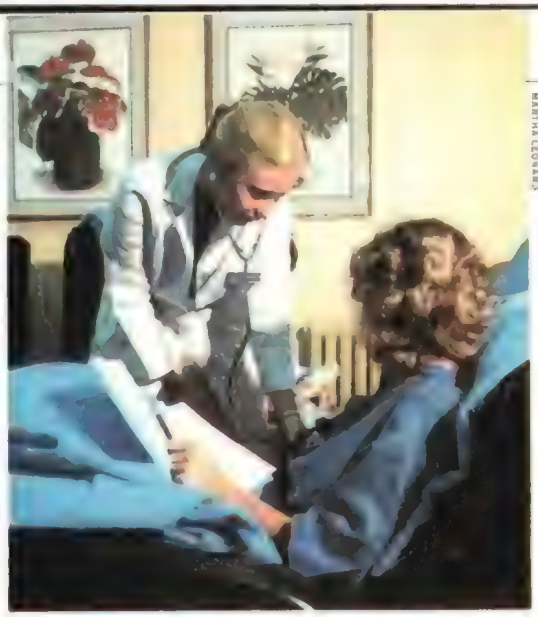
Illinois Congressman Hyde (top) and Justice Stewart, who supported Hyde's antiabortion amendment



OKAMOTO—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

cision may be less than suggested by the impassioned advocates on both sides. Even before Congress placed any restrictions on Medicaid abortions, the U.S. helped pay for only 300,000 abortions a year—fewer than a quarter of the roughly 1.4 million performed annually. The Hyde Amendment cut the number of federally funded abortions to only 2,000 annually. Yet abortion supporters estimate that two out of every three indigent women who wanted abortions still got them, some because they managed to come up with the money.

Many other women received free abortions in 22 states and the District of Columbia. Thirteen of these states—including California, where 100,000 free abortions a year were performed—were under orders from lower courts to keep on funding abortions. Those orders are now or will shortly be dissolved. The Supreme Court majority stated explicitly that if the Federal Government does not have to pay for abortions, a state does not either, so most of these states will probably stop providing funding. Nine other states, most prominently New York, have chosen to pay for abortions for the poor even if Washington will not reimburse them. But free abortions will come under attack from triumphant right-to-life advocates in those states too.



Postabortion care of a patient at a Chicago clinic

No more federal cash unless a mother's life is at stake.

Long range, the goal of antiabortion zealots is a constitutional amendment repealing the right to an abortion even for those women who can pay for it. Says Congressman Hyde: "We want to protect the unborn children of the rich and middle class, as well as the unborn of the poor." Nineteen of the 34 states needed have already passed resolutions calling for a constitutional convention to consider some sort of antiabortion amendment, and Hyde and others are trying to drum up the two-thirds congressional majority required to pass an amendment that would then go to the states for ratification. But despite last week's Supreme Court decision, the foes of all abortions have a long way to go. Polls indicate that while the public favors government-paid abortions only by a narrow 48% to 45%, a huge 80% approves the right to an abortion that a woman can arrange privately.

Racial Quotas How far may society go in providing special help —called "affirmative action" by some and "reverse discrimination" by others—to minorities that have suffered from past discrimination? In the celebrated *Bakke* decision of 1978, the court struck down a fixed racial quota on admissions to the medical school of the University of California at Davis, but said that race could be an element in the university's admissions policy. In last year's *Weber* decision, the court upheld a quota in a private company's employee training program. Left unresolved, however, was the fundamental constitutional question: Does the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment flatly prohibit government affirmative-action programs? In last week's case, six Justices said no. They upheld a 1977 congressional law that specified that out of $4 billion that the Government proposed to spend in helping states and localities finance public works, at least 10% had to go to contracting firms owned 50% or more by citizens who are, according to the statute's list, "Negroes, Spanish-speaking, Orientals, Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts." Congress could do so, said Chief Justice Burger in the lead opinion, because under the Constitution it has special powers to make up for the effects of past discrimination, powers that go far beyond those possessed by a school board or even a federal judge (who might, for example, order a racial-balance plan in public schools). Burger, joined by Justices White and Lewis Powell, cautioned that special help to minorities must be "narrowly tailored" to remedy proven discrimination and to avoid giving minorities blatant preference. The law in question met those tests, they said, and was flexible. For example, it permitted Government officials to waive the 10% requirement if they could not find enough qualified minority contractors to meet it.

Judge Dooling, who was reversed by the Supreme Court

Burger conceded that the law probably caused some white contracting firms to lose business, even though their owners had not practiced discrimination themselves. But the penalty was mild, he said, since white-owned firms continue to get the vast bulk of the nation's construction business, and Congress can legitimately require innocent whites to "share the burden" of making up for past discrimination so long as that burden is not unreasonable. In a concurring opinion, Justices Blackmun, Brennan and Marshall put less stress on the powers of Congress and more on the general principle that society must, in Marshall's words, promote "meaningful equality of opportunity, not an abstract version of equality in which the effects of past discrimination would be forever frozen into our social fabric."

In dissent, Justices Stewart and William Rehnquist furiously argued that the Constitution permits no discrimination of any kind between races. By the majority's logic, wrote Stewart in the dissent that he read aloud on the day of the decision, "the Government implicitly teaches the public that the apportionment of rewards and penalties can legitimately be made according to race—rather than according to merit or ability." He concluded bitterly: "There are those who think that we need a new Constitution, and their views may some day prevail. But under the Constitution we have, one practice in which Government may never engage is the practice of racism."

The majority decision will cause no immediate changes, since it chiefly permits the continuation of a Government policy, and since nearly all the $4 billion authorized under the public works program in question has long since been spent. But the decision undoubtedly will enormously encourage civil rights advocates to press affirmative action on all levels of government. A clear majority of six Supreme Court Justices is now prepared to approve at least some such programs.

Public Trials Journalists have long charged that the Burger Court has been progressively cutting down the guarantees of freedom of the press, and their indignation reached a height a year ago, when the court ruled that judges could

close some pretrial hearings to press and public. The Justices reasoned that the Sixth Amendment right to a public criminal trial could be waived by a defendant and could not then be invoked by the press. That line of argument obviously seemed to imply that judges could close not only hearings but also actual criminal trials if a defendant agreed. Indeed, only a week after the decision, the Virginia Supreme Court affirmed Judge Richard H.C. Taylor's decision to bar two reporters from a murder trial in a courtroom in Hanover, Va., where Patrick Henry had once orated in defense of freedom. Although several Justices later said publicly that their judgment had been misunderstood, more than 200 instances occurred in which various local judges attempted to bar the press from their courts. Last week a Supreme Court that appeared embarrassed by the consequences of its earlier decision not only overruled Judge Taylor but went on to proclaim a broad "right of access" by the press to criminal trials, and possibly other governmental proceedings as well.

The seven Justices in the majority wrote six separate opinions, but they stressed similar points. In the lead opinion, Burger said that the First Amendment, which the court did not consider in the earlier case, guarantees the press a right to attend and report on trials. True, the First Amendment does not specifically say so. But, said Burger, the right is implicit in the "amalgam of the First Amendment guarantees of speech and press." Anyway, he said, the tradition of open trials goes back beyond the Constitution, to the earliest beginnings of English common law.

Potentially more important even than the trial issue is the court's assertion of a First Amendment right by the press to gather as well as to publish information. "This is a watershed case," said Stevens. "Today . . . for the first time, the court unequivocally holds that an arbitrary interference with access to important information is an abridgment of the freedoms of speech and of the press."

How far this right may go will take years to determine; the Justices discussed it only in terms of a right to attend criminal trials. But spokesmen for the press jubilantly interpreted it to reach far beyond trials. James Goodale, a lawyer active in First Amendment cases, predicts that reporters will be helped in getting a look at "prisons, small-town meetings, the police blotter" and other places, proceedings and records that have often been closed to the press.

Regulatory Agencies Businessmen have been complaining ever more loudly in recent years that federal regulators are saddling them with expensive and unrealistically stringent health, safety and environmental standards. The Supreme Court last week struck down one such standard set by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), but left unclear just what kind of standard might be legal.

At issue was benzene, a chemical whose vapors are known to be toxic. By the time OSHA was functioning in 1971, the Government and industry had agreed on a benzene standard of 10 parts per million (p.p.m.) in the air in workplaces. OSHA, concerned about new evidence that breathing benzene vapors could cause leukemia, slashed the standard in 1978 to 1 p.p.m. The American Petroleum Institute contended that OSHA was forcing industry to spend $500 million or more to meet a standard that it had not proved to be any safer than the old one.

Four Justices agreed in an opinion written by Stevens. OSHA, they said, had failed to show that there was any significant risk to workers' health at the 10 p.p.m. standard; most of the cancer cases occurred among workers who had breathed much higher concentrations of benzene many years earlier. OSHA took the position that if a substance causes cancer, the agency will set the permitted level in a workplace at the lowest point that can be achieved without bankrupting an industry. But, said the Justices, a "safe" workplace does not mean one that is completely free of risk: "There are many activities that we engage in every day—such as driving a car or even breathing city air —that entail some risk." Before OSHA can set a new standard, they ruled, the agency must produce some kind of evidence that the old one is unsafe and that the new one will in fact reduce the risk to health.

Rehnquist agreed in the decision, but on a totally different ground: he found a section of the congressional act that created OSHA to be unconstitutional. Four dissenters, led by Marshall, protested that OSHA had been conscientiously trying to carry out its mandate to make workplaces safe and healthy.

Charles DiBona, president of the American Petroleum Institute, praised the court ruling as a "landmark decision" meaning that "health regulations in this country must be made on the basis of scientific facts rather than pure speculation." Some experts, however, think that it will not be too difficult for regulatory agencies to produce plausible findings of risk when seeking to set new standards. A far more troubling question is whether they must also demonstrate that the safety benefits of a new regulation are roughly equal to the costs to industry of complying with the rule. The court sidestepped that problem; Justice Powell said OSHA should make such a cost-benefit analysis on benzene, but his colleagues did not address the issue.

Indeed, three of the court's four blockbuster decisions raise questions that will be argued again, some far into the future. If Congress can enact a form of racial quota, how about state legislatures and other local bodies? Two cases, one involving a minority preference among California prison guards and the other a ceiling on the number of blacks admitted to some Chicago high schools in the interest of racial balance, pose a challenge next term. Test cases probing the dimensions of the press's new right of access to public proceedings are inevitable. And the court next term will hear arguments about OSHA standards on emissions from steel-mill coke ovens that almost surely will raise again the problem of cost-benefit analysis in the acts of regulatory agencies.

In many of its major cases, says Harvard Law School's Laurence Tribe, the court "is dealing with how far government can or cannot go to redress social and economic problems. We should expect these problems to be hard." With a court as divided as this one, that is about the only expectation that is certain to be fulfilled. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Judge Richard Taylor outside the Virginia court building from which he barred reporters

Now a "right of access" that may also open prisons and police blotters to the press.

From Sea to Shining Sea

Carter barnstorms the nation to boost his campaign

"Carter!" they chanted. "Carter! Carter! Carter!" For a moment at least, the President last week heard Americans cheer themselves hoarse, a heady sensation he had not enjoyed in many months. Knowing all too well how desperately he needed a lift, Jimmy Carter had chosen his audience well: the convention in Los Angeles of the National Education Association. The organization has been enthusiastically behind him ever since he supported higher aid to education and fought successfully for the establishment of a separate Department of Education.

The President and Rosalynn join in singing *We Shall Overcome* at the N.A.A.C.P. convention

The blacks were polite, the Californians friendly, but the teachers cheered and chanted.

Carter's ego-boosting appearance before the N.E.A. was the highlight of a frantic week of sputtering presidential fireworks, or possibly distress signals, as he tried to generate momentum for his campaign. Though he had just returned from a moderately upbeat trip to Europe, Carter took off on another 15-day marathon that would wing him twice across the U.S., then to Japan, then to a stopover in Alaska on the way back and finally to a few days of rest at Sapelo Island off the coast of Georgia, where he would watch the Republican Convention on TV.

In the friendly confines of the N.E.A. convention, Carter launched his most serious and bitter attack yet on the policies of Ronald Reagan, the all-but-crowned nominee of the G.O.P. The President denounced the Kemp-Roth tax cut, which Reagan supports, as "sheer deception ... the kind of hasty offer that can only be called by one word, and that is 'irresponsible.' " Concluded Carter: "It is a classic offer in a political year of a free lunch, something for nothing. The American people know there is nothing for nothing any longer."

During his two days in California, Carter also talked politics with Governor Jerry Brown, who still would not publicly endorse him. Doffing his jacket, Carter traded repartee with an audience in the farm community of Merced. When a farmer complained about immigrants' not wanting to work, Carter cracked, without further explanation, "There are loafers even in my family." He seemed to raise hope about the hostages in Iran by mentioning still another "avenue to Iranian leaders." But then he admitted, "I do not know what else we can do without endangering the lives of the hostages."

On the evening of July 4, the President flew to Miami Beach to address the N.A.A.C.P. convention. The black vote was basic to his victory four years ago, and he needs it even more urgently this year. The problem is not that blacks will desert to Carter's rivals. Reagan's conservative positions turn them off, and John Anderson remains an unknown, although he displayed engaging candor when he told the N.A.A.C.P. convention: "I cannot pretend to know what it is day in and day out to be black in America." The threat to Carter is that blacks may be so disappointed with his performance that they may not vote in large enough numbers to help him take key states that he captured in 1976.

But when Carter spoke to the N.A.A.C.P. he gave a lackluster performance that failed to draw much support. After praising himself as the President who has "appointed more black judges than any in U.S. history," Carter warned that a change might occur if he were replaced by a Republican. "The U.S. Supreme Court has been the final bulwark of freedom. You just think about what will happen with another three or four appointments."

Earlier, the President had hoped to stage a super July 4 celebration for the enactment of the final two-thirds of his energy program. But last month the House turned down Carter's bill to establish an Energy Mobilization Board, and Carter had to settle for a more modest accomplishment: giving final approval to the $20 billion program for developing synthetic fuels. For another signing, the President invited Ted Kennedy to join him on the platform in the Rose Garden. The occasion: putting into law the trucking deregulation bill. Said the President with a smile: "It's particularly gratifying to welcome Senator Kennedy because he's done such a tremendous job, too." Quipped the Senator, alluding to Carter's refusal to debate: "There is no debate on trucking deregulation."

The next day, Carter took just five minutes to put his signature on a draft registration proclamation that could hurt him at the polls. Some 4 million youths will have to sign up this month. Although the President has no plans to draft them, he declared that the step had to be taken as a means of convincing the Soviet Union that its invasion of Afghanistan was "ill-advised and to prevent further aggression."

Carter even managed to sandwich in foreign affairs. He brought Israeli and Egyptian negotiators together for talks on Palestinian autonomy. The President's announcement that he would go to Japan this week for the memorial service for the late Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira came as a surprise, especially since Carter had chosen not to attend Tito's funeral. But Carter wanted to demonstrate his concern for Asia and perhaps meet for the first time with Chinese Premier Hua Guofeng, who will also be in Japan for the service.

As Carter whizzed about the country, his opponents were also active. Showing no sign of yielding, Kennedy delegates were planning to challenge the platform at the Democratic Convention as well as the binding of delegates to the candidate chosen in the primaries or caucuses. The diehards hope to persuade delegates to abandon the President and switch to Kennedy. In an election in which the polls show him running several points behind Reagan, Carter faces the growing and unpleasant prospect of being attacked during prime time at his own convention. ■

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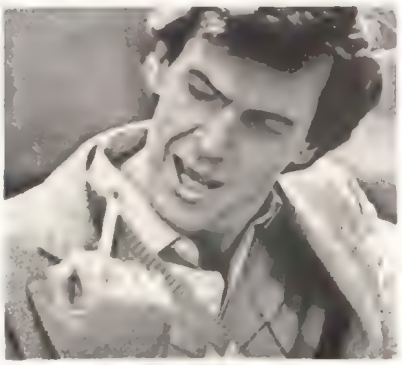

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Fastest Game in Town

Maneuvering to get credit—or dodge blame—for a tax cut

"You may not like the headlines you read, Mr. President. But if we hadn't acted, you'd have seen headlines you liked worse."

That blunt admonition to Jimmy Carter was delivered last week by Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. The West Virginian was referring to his abrupt decision the week before to flout White House policy by suddenly endorsing a tax cut for next year. Not only had Byrd failed to tell the President he was going to change the party line and advocate a tax cut, he had not notified House Speaker Tip O'Neill. Exclaimed one angry House Democratic leader last week: "The Senate panicked." Noted another Democratic Representative: "It's quite a play the Senators pulled. They stole a march on the President too." House Rules Committee Chairman Richard Bolling said scornfully that Byrd's action was "proof of how desperately upset the Democrats are. This looks like one of those elections when the Democrats are terrified and the Republicans sense the kill."

Byrd's confident declaration to the President about how he had forestalled hostile headlines for the party was delivered at a breakfast held by Carter at the White House; it included as guests both the leadership of the Senate and of the House. The discussion was a revealing political confrontation between congressional leaders, acutely jealous of their powers and prerogatives, as they struggled with a tax bill that was bound to have considerable political repercussions in an election year.

One of the angriest men at the breakfast was Oregon's Al Ullman, head of the House Ways and Means Committee, which is responsible for drafting tax legislation. Only days before Byrd's promise of a quick tax cut, Ullman had said that his committee would not hold tax hearings until January at the earliest. More important, argued Ullman, was the fact that Byrd had usurped one of the House's most cherished constitutional rights, the provision in Article I declaring that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives." Snapped Ullman: "We're the people's House. The basic decisions on tax policy ought to come from us. We're going to insist that the basics be followed."

While the President acted as a benign moderator, Byrd listened quietly to the criticism and then defended his controversial action. He recalled that the G.O.P., without warning, had tried to attach a $36 billion tax cut advocated by Ronald Reagan to a bill raising the national debt limit. When Byrd and Senate Whip Alan Cranston took a quick head count, they concluded that the Republican measure might attract enough Democrats to pass. Voting against a tax slash, in fact, would be particularly risky to the 22 Democrats up for re-election this November. Byrd faced the sudden and cold reality that the Senate, supposedly controlled by Democrats, 59 to 41, was about to pass a politically attractive tax cut sponsored by none other than the man who seemed bound to become the G.O.P. nominee.

Byrd's snap decision was to mobilize his forces against the G.O.P. ploy by promising them a similar measure of their own. Said Byrd at the breakfast: "If they were not offered an alternative, they would vote for the Republican measure." White House Press Secretary Jody Powell reluctantly concurred, saying later that "you don't put raw meat in front of these people and not expect them to eat it." And there had been no time to lose, added Byrd, because he had to push the new debt-ceiling bill through Congress. Said Senate Budget Committee Chairman Fritz Hollings to Byrd: "Politically, thank God you acted." Mollified by Byrd's explanation, most of the participants at the meeting left the White House smiling.

What was left unresolved was the Democrats' election-year tax strategy. Carter refused to commit himself to a tax break and told the White House gathering that "we are skeptical of the chances for responsible action under election pressure." He intends to delay his decision at least until he sees the economic analysis in his midyear budget review to be delivered to Congress on July 21.

Senate Democrats, however, are itching to start work. Louisiana's Russell Long, head of the Finance Committee, plans to convene hearings on July 23. Said he: "We are going to write a tax-reduction law with a cut somewhere between $20 billion and $45 billion. The effective date will be Jan. 1, 1981." Byrd pledges that the Senate will have a tax bill on the floor right after Labor Day.

Although Ullman remains reluctant to cut taxes, he too intends to hold hearings late this month. "We've got to move," acknowledges one Democratic leader. But House Democrats hope to delay voting until after the election, and preferably not until next year. Says Robert Giaimo, chairman of the House Budget Committee: "I'd hate to see us legislate on taxes a month or two before the elections. It's the worst possible time."

Fearing that a major tax cut would hurt the fight against inflation, House leaders are resolved to go slowly. Says O'Neill: "I don't hear any hue and cry for a cut." Senator Long is talking about broad reductions that would help middle-income families, but O'Neill and others are thinking of a "tightly targeted" bill aimed at stimulating production by improving industry's depreciation deductions for investments in new equipment.

Until the Democrats hammer out their strategy, the Republicans retain the initiative and seem prepared to keep proposing the Reagan tax cut as an amendment to every major fiscal measure. They did so again last week when they tried to attach it to a Senate bill concerning the Airport and Airway Trust Fund; they lost 52 to 33, once more on a nearly strict party-line vote. Though the G.O.P. expects to keep on losing the head counts, it is enjoying making the Democrats squirm. Promised New York's Barber Conable, the ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee: "We're going to keep the pressure on." ■

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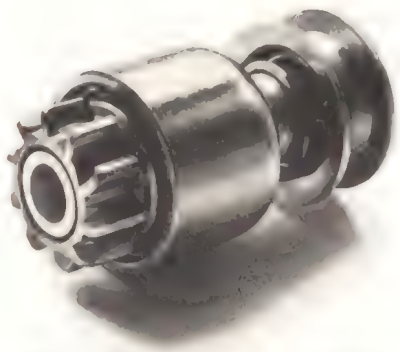

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Who's in Charge Here?

Reagan's campaign suffers from disorganized staff work

So far, victory has been especially sweet for Ronald Reagan because he has not had to share the credit with anyone. Ever since he fired Campaign Manager John Sears last February, Reagan has been his own boss, and who can argue with success? He breezed through most of the primaries, brushing aside his opponents without really seeming to be trying. But as a Republican strategist who backs Reagan says, "It was historical momentum rather than operational depth or skill that won it." When the going gets rough in the months ahead, Reagan will need solid work from a staff that has shown some alarming signs of disorganization.

One key example was the needless confusion over whether or not Reagan should retain Bill Brock as chairman of the Republican National Committee. First he wanted to keep him on; then some aides said Brock had to go; finally Reagan kept him after all. The campaign in the states is off to an ominously slow start because of a lack of direction at headquarters. Last week aides somehow failed to pass along an invitation to Reagan to address the N.A.A.C.P. convention in Miami. Reagan does not often appear before black groups and may not have wanted to go to Miami anyway. But he unnecessarily offended the organization by sending his regrets at the last minute and then taking off on a long-planned vacation in Mexico. When N.A.A.C.P. Chief Benjamin Hooks publicly complained about the slight, Reagan apologized and assured Hooks he had not written off the black vote. He quickly accepted an invitation to address the National Urban League when it meets in New York on Aug. 5.

Reagan's problem is not so much the quality of his top aides, who are mainly competent professionals. But some are new to their jobs and, more important, do not get clear directions from the nominee-to-be. When the Sears team was ousted, it was replaced by a triumvirate. Campaign Manager William Casey is an able administrator, but, despite his title, he is more a chairman of the board than a workaday boss. He has also not known Reagan very long. Chief of Staff Ed Meese is an old Reagan loyalist with an easygoing, reassuring presence and skills as a coordinator. Pollster and Strategist Richard Wirthlin smiles all the time and has reason to: his estimates are usually right on target.

William Timmons

To strengthen the staff, Reagan last week named William Timmons as his political director. Though Timmons has worked for Reagan's G.O.P. rivals in past presidential races, he was selected because of his close ties to the party's moderate wing and because he had served effectively as a White House liaison with Congress. Timmons has been running a successful lobbying operation in Washington that, along with work for other major clients, helped Chrysler get its loan guarantee. In command of the campaign's 20 regional directors and 50 state chairmen, Timmons will be responsible for allocating money to the states and coordinating grass-roots activities.

Two other longtime Reagan loyalists, both fired in a purge by Sears, are once again assuming key roles in the campaign. Lyn Nofziger, who returned in mid-June, is communications director. He is a shade too outspoken and irreverent for Nancy Reagan's taste, but his bluff candor appeals to the traveling correspondents. This month Mike Deaver returns to become the top aide on tour with Reagan, freeing Meese to devote more time to organizational problems. Deaver will keep Reagan briefed, a conspicuous gap in the campaign to date.

Reagan has thus assembled a team of experts, but will they mesh? The new table of organization has six deputy campaign directors under Casey, including Timmons, Nofziger and Meese, and all will have access to Reagan. Says Casey: "I don't attempt to head off end runs, as Sears called them. They can help." But one top G.O.P. analyst disagrees: "It's a damn near impossible situation. These kinds of operations are tough enough to hold together even with someone who is clearly in charge. Without that authority, it is almost guaranteed that there will be problems. There's a lot of potential for debilitating infighting."

Reagan may be an ardent proponent of more laissez-faire for the nation's economy, but he is going to have to become a strict regulator if he expects to have a smoothly functioning campaign as November draws nearer. ■

"The Unknown First Family"

None of Reagan's four children is dedicated to politics

ROGER SANDLER

The two oldest Reagan children, Maureen and Mike, ride the candidate's campaign bus

"We were sharing him with others," says Mike. "We were basically raised by maids."

No law ever decreed that a presidential candidate must be accompanied on the campaign trail by a smiling wife and a bevy of pink-cheeked children. But a long tradition claims that the voters want a close look at every prospective First Family, and that they want any such family to be very familial indeed. No divorced man has ever been elected President, and except for Warren Harding, there has not been a childless President since James Buchanan (1857-61), who was also the only President to remain a lifelong bachelor.

Ronald Reagan lists family along with neighborhood, work, peace and freedom as the core of Americans' "shared values," so it seems somewhat odd that his own children were so rarely seen during the primary campaign. It also seems somewhat odd that Reagan barely mentioned his children in his official biography. "We would be," jokes Reagan's oldest son, Mike, 35, "the unknown First Family."

There have occasionally been stories about the younger Reagans, and occasion-

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Reagan's younger son Ron soars in a rehearsal of the Joffrey Ballet's *Ladder for Escape*

"We haven't had big sitdowns over meat and potatoes. But we're fairly close."

ally embarrassments. Oldest Daughter Maureen, 39, sometimes gets headlines for her ardent support of the Equal Rights Amendment, which Reagan just as ardently opposes. Second Daughter Patti, 27, attracted attention by going around with Bernie Leadon, former banjo player with the Eagles. And when Younger Son Ronald, 22, became a dancer with Manhattan's Joffrey II Company, the training troupe for the Joffrey Ballet, gossip columnists began raising eyebrows and talking of family hostilities. "How embarrassed is Ronald Reagan [really] about his ballet-dancing son?" leered the New York *Post*. "Answer: plenty."

TIME *Senior Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett interviewed all four of the younger Reagans and found them engagingly different from what the gossip suggested. His report:*

The Reagan children are hardly recluses, but neither are they as funky as sometimes portrayed. They have lives of their own. None is dedicated to politics.

Reagan's public reticence about them comes partly from his strong sense of privacy. It also comes, say his aides, from Nancy Reagan's extreme sensitivity to Reagan's marriage to Jane Wyman. Nancy, the mother of the two younger children, would like to pretend that the first marriage never happened. Reagan caters to this sensitivity, and that is why there was so little mention of the marriage and the children in his autobiography. In fact, some friends think that the extreme closeness of Reagan and Nancy has created a barrier for all the children.

Maureen, now a tall, sturdy, handsome woman, ebullient but more than a touch wary, was seven when her parents were divorced. She lived with her mother, but remembers going riding on her father's ranch and hearing him recite *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. She jocularly refers to him as "Dear Old Dad." Like all the other Reagan children, she spent much of her youth in private boarding schools; like all of them, she dropped out of college (Marymount College of Virginia). She went to work as a Republican volunteer in Nixon's Washington campaign headquarters in 1960, while Dear Old Dad was an active Democrat for Nixon. "Once in a while," she says, "I remind him that I have time on him as a Republican."

Returning to California, she married twice, to a policeman and a lawyer, and divorced twice. She tried going into the family business, acting, but without great success. She drifted into what she calls "the talk business," serving as hostess on TV talk shows in San Francisco, then Los Angeles. For the past 18 months she has been editor of *Showcase U.S.A.*, a slick bimonthly designed to promote sales abroad.

On weekends she frequently campaigns for her father, praising his record as Governor and then taking questions. There are usually several involving ERA or abortion, about which she and Dad have agreed to disagree. "I am a feminist, and I say so," she reports.

Mike Reagan was adopted when he was just a few days old, because, according to family legend, Maureen wanted a brother (Jane Wyman had been advised by her doctor to have no more children). Mike too has pleasant memories of his father's ranch. "He sure can talk," says Mike. "You ask him what time it is, and he tells you how to make a watch." But, he adds, "we always felt that we were sharing him with a lot of others. We were basically raised by nannies and maids."

In three prep schools, Mike became a good enough football player to be offered an athletic scholarship at Arizona State, but he turned it down ("I played the game for fun"), tried a few courses at the University of Southern California, then took up speedboat racing. A crack-up a few years later tore his back muscles, dislocated both hips and persuaded him to try another vocation. His father, newly elected Governor, was concerned. "Dad kept asking me, 'What's your future going to be?' " he recalls. "I'd tell him, 'I'm a late bloomer, just like you, Dad.' I was a loner, having fun. It was a while before I found a direction."

Having acquired Reagan's gift for amiable banter, Mike became a salesman, and quite a successful one. He started by selling boats, but early this year he set up his own business, grandly titled Agricultural Energy Resources, which he runs out of his suburban home in the San Fernando Valley. His main activity is to sell gasohol equipment to farmers.

Mike's first marriage lasted less than a year ("A round-tripper," he calls it. "In and out fast"). He and his second wife, Colleen Sterns, have a son, Cameron, 2, the only Reagan grandson. Mike also campaigns for his father on weekends, mostly in California. "Sometimes," he says, "I argue with him about his style. I tell him he should come across strong more often. It takes a lot to make Dad angry, but when he's mad, he's mad."

Patricia (Patti) Reagan

Patricia (Patti) Reagan, Reagan's first child by Nancy, is tall, slender, graceful and very shy. When an interview was scheduled, a Reagan campaign publicity aide insisted on sitting in (apparently Nancy Reagan wanted it that way). Her boarding school, the Orme School near Phoenix, was a place where students rode horses and tended cattle, but Patti also wrote poetry. "Serious poetry," she says. "I was a *very* serious person." Out of school, she devoted a lot of effort to writing rock songs. One of them, *I Wish You Peace*, was recorded by the Eagles. For the past year or so, she has been looking for work as an actress. She has found a few small parts in TV comedies (*Love Boat, Fantasy Island*). Her father's old pictures fascinate her. "I always had this fantasy," she says, "that I could do a film with him some day."

During the 1976 campaign, Patti was seriously estranged from her parents, but now she is living at their home in Pacific Palisades, and the differences that centered on the unmarried Patti's freewheeling life-style seem to have been settled.

"I don't know any family where the children's life-styles are the same as the parents'," she says. "I mean, generations are different, and times change." Patti remains totally uninterested in politics. When asked which party she has registered in, she pauses, gives a nervous laugh, glances at the nearby Reagan aide. "Uh —independent," she says. "That means I can vote either way, right?"

Ronald Prescott Reagan (not Junior, since his father's middle name is Wilson) was "Skipper" as a boy and grew up in more settled circumstances than the other children. "I was sort of an only child," he recalls. "Patti was away at school, and I had the place to myself. Dad was home for dinner almost every night, and the three of us were together." Ron joined his father's 1976 campaign and performed routine chores for a few months, but quit when he found the work "tiring and boring." At Harvard High School in North Hollywood, he played basketball, took up writing and did well enough academically to get into Yale. "I got into Yale through no fault of my own," he says. "What I was doing was wandering. I thought it would be a good place to go for four years while I figured out what I really wanted."

Patti took him to see *The Nutcracker* ballet, which made a deep impression on him, though he says he had been fascinated by ballet ever since he was a child and saw Rudolf Nureyev in a filmed version of *Romeo and Juliet*. "His grace impressed me so much that I came to think of that as a sort of physical ideal." After just a few weeks at Yale, Ron began to take dance classes, then decided he wanted to make dancing his career. He called his father to tell him the news. "I was a little frightened," he recalls. "What was he going to say? Here I was proposing to leave this prestigious school. But he took the news pretty well. He said I should finish the semester and then get some advice about training from his friend Gene Kelly." Kelly recommended the Stanley Holden School in Los Angeles, so Ron went there, then won a scholarship to the Joffrey school in New York.

There has been some uneasiness on the Reagan staff about how the press would treat these developments, and this uneasiness can itself complicate the situation. When a number of reporters wanted to interview Ron about his dance career, the Joffrey company scheduled a press conference, but Reagan headquarters got the session postponed, making it sound as though there were some reason to avoid publicity.

"In any family there's going to be a little friction over something as the kids go through adolescence," says the youngest Reagan. "Nothing is nirvana. But the recent stories have been exaggerated. Being close-knit has become almost a physical impossibility, since we're so spread out. We haven't had big sit-downs over meat and potatoes. It hasn't been the Waltons or anything. But we're fairly close, emotionally. There is a bond." ■

Clinton Boldt inspecting ruined corn crop on his farm near San Antonio

Too Much Sun in the Sunbelt

Record-breaking heat wave grips the Southwest

Wichita Falls, 117°. Dallas, 113°. Little Rock, 105°. Oklahoma City, 105°. Though the Southwestern U.S. is accustomed to sizzling summers, temperatures last week topped 100° day after day in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma, breaking records up to 100 years old. Some 145 people, most of them elderly, died of heat complications; Texas alone had 78 deaths.

Tempers shortened and productivity fell. In Houston, where 92% of the buildings are air-conditioned, the demand for electricity reached record heights. In Dallas a woman walked up to a truck loaded with ice and, without a word to the driver, climbed in and lay down on the cargo. Many businessmen gave up wearing suit coats and switched to *guayaberas*—loose-fitting, Mexican-style shirts. At Fort Chaffee, Ark., trucks carried ice water to the military policemen assigned to the Cuban refugee camps. Even so, a dozen MPs became ill. (None of the Cubans, used to heat, were hospitalized.)

In Arkansas, one of the nation's leading poultry-raising states, more than 2.5 million chickens died. Poultrymen hosed down the coops and walked through them day and night, stirring up the chickens so that they would move about and be less likely to suffocate. In Texas the cotton crop—biggest in the state—was suffering, and so were fields of grain, sorghum and soybeans. The ominous forecast for this week: more hot weather. ■

Dead chickens in Lewisville, Ark.

Dried-up marina basin outside Dallas

Under scorching Southwestern skies, day after day of deaths and disaster.

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Battening Down

Seaport frets over Moonies

Hard by the harbor's edge in the venerable Massachusetts fishing port of Gloucester stands the bronze statue of a fisherman, dressed in slicker and sou'wester hat and clutching a schooner's wheel. He is gazing resolutely seaward, as if on the lookout for one of the gales that have claimed thousands of local sailors since the town was settled in 1623. But today a storm of quite a different kind is swirling through Gloucester. This one pits the townspeople against the Moonies, the disciples of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, whose Unification Church has been accused of brainwashing recruits, using questionable business practices and maintaining links with the secret intelligence services of South Korea. Complains Leo Alper, 66, the town's portly mayor: "I think eventually Moon would like to take over the city."

The Moonies first began worrying the townspeople in 1977, when a church-owned company bought a lobster packing plant for $330,000, a 14-room house and a swatch of swampy waterfront land. The church explained that it was simply going into the fishing business, as it had elsewhere, and, as William Sanders, 27, one of the plant's two Moonie managers put it, Gloucester was "our kind of town."

Then last month the church really caused a furor by pulling off a slick real estate coup to obtain the Cardinal Cushing Villa, a 30-room retreat house, from the Daughters of Mary of the Immaculate Conception, a Connecticut-based order of nuns. The sisters were known to have been opposed to dealing with the Moonies. They sold the property for $1 million to New Hampshire Businessman Myron Block, who turned out to be in cahoots with the Unification Church. The next day, Block sold the retreat to the Moonies for $1,127,000. In addition, just two weeks ago, a Moonie-run firm paid $650,000 to buy a marina and Bob's Clam Shack, a bankrupt restaurant.

Mayor Alper fired off a telegram to Pope John Paul II asking his help in revoking the sale of the retreat house because of the apparent deception involved. Prayers were said every night for a week at a Catholic church for the young people to muster the strength to ward off any Moonie advances. Pickets began stalking up and down in front of the newly acquired marina carrying signs proclaiming: ONE MOON IN GLOUCESTER IS ALL WE WANT! One night rocks were tossed through the windows of the lobster plant. Townspeople began signing an "open letter" to the Unification Church demanding a full explanation of its plans.

The Moonies blame the mayor for stirring up resentment against them, but there is widespread sullen suspicion in town about the church's plans. So far, however, no Moonies have tried to lure the young of Gloucester into their ranks, and no legal charges of any kind have been filed against the church and its operations.

Moonies Townsend and Sanders at work

Pickets, prayers and an appeal to the Pope.

Indeed, in a town of 27,000 that doubles in population each summer, the Moonies remain a minuscule minority: only five church members work in the lobster plant, and another 45 or so will be in town this summer to work on the church's ten boats and run the retreat house, which they plan to use as a "professional education center." So far the Moonies have been model citizens, paying full taxes on their highly successful fishing operations and offering the going rate for lobsters supplied by the locals. Admits one grizzled fish wholesaler: "The Moonies always send me a check quick, and they're courteous, clean-cut kids."

Mayor Alper remains unconvinced. Says he: "If it was just a new business moving in, I wouldn't mind. But they're a mixture of church and business, and I think there's got to be more than the eye sees." The Moonies have aroused similar suspicion in Westchester County just north of New York City, where they have made extensive real estate investments in recent years. The vigilant town fathers of Gloucester hope to find a way of revoking the purchase of the retreat house on legal technicalities, and are ready to fight the church if it tries to get tax-exempt status for its property.

Meanwhile, the Moonies claim that for all the suspicion around town, some members of the citizenry would like to do even more business with them. Says Denny Townsend, 33, co-manager of the church's lobster plant: "I have people in my office every week who want to sell me a piece of Gloucester." ■

Honored at Last

A memorial for Viet Nam vets

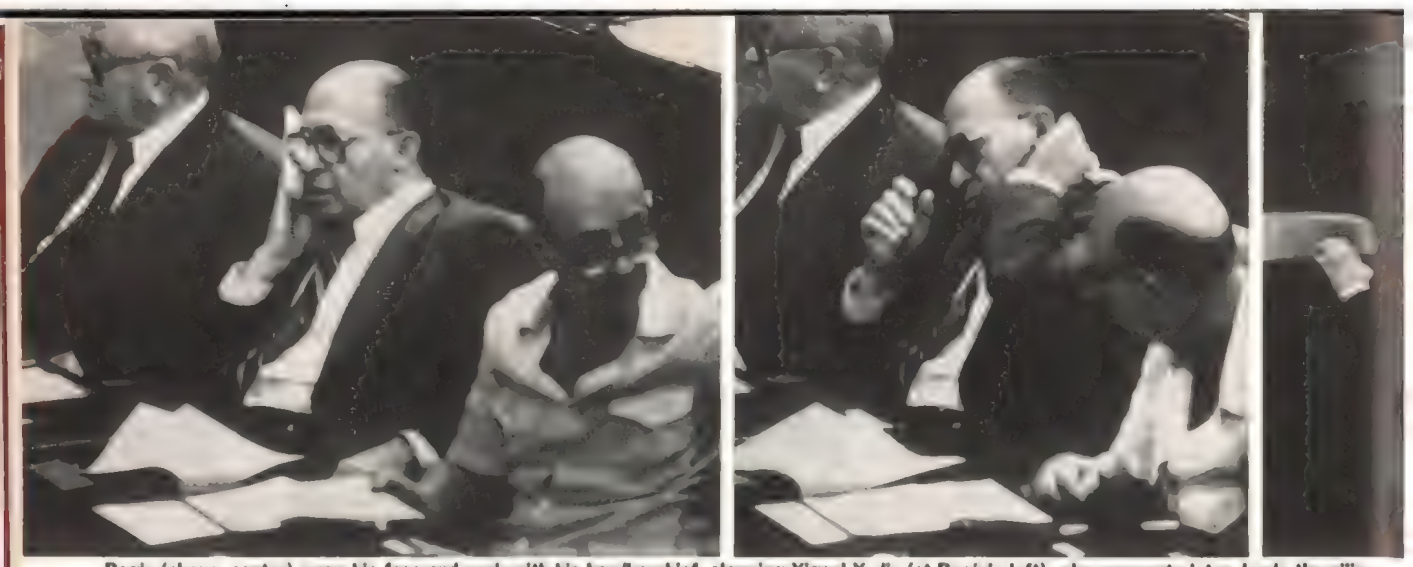
The ceremony in the sunny Rose Garden was brief and subdued, but it was one of the most moving—and symbolic—that President Carter has conducted during his term in office. The event reflected the slowly evolving trend toward coming to terms with the Viet Nam War and recognizing the sacrifice of those who served in that corrosive conflict. Carter spoke before signing a bill providing land for a memorial to the Americans who had died in Southeast Asia. Said he: "A long and painful process has brought us to this moment. Our nation was divided by this war. For too long, we tried to put that division behind us by forgetting the Viet Nam War. In the process, we ignored those who bravely answered their nation's call. We are ready at last to acknowledge more deeply the debt which we can never fully pay to those who served."

Sitting in the audience of some 100 veterans was Jan Scruggs, 30, a former Army infantryman who organized the campaign to build the memorial. Now a Labor Department specialist in equal-opportunity programs, he saw *The Deer Hunter* in April 1979 and vividly relived the moment when a U.S. mortar shell accidentally exploded, killing several buddies. Scruggs decided then and there to honor those who did not come back. He sold some land he owned for $2,500 and started banging on doors in what seemed like a hopeless crusade to raise $1 million.

Working indefatigably, Scruggs gained such allies as Rosalynn Carter and Gerald Ford, and he persuaded Bob Hope to sign a fund-raising letter that went out to a million potential donors. All 100 Senators are listed as sponsors of the bill, a rare unanimity achieved in part by the shrewd tactics of Scruggs; when several Senators hesitated at the last moment, he called their aides to say that every other Senator had signed on. Fearful of being the only one left off the list, the remaining Senators quickly gave their approval. The bill donates two acres of land in Constitution Gardens, just northeast of the Lincoln Memorial, as a site for the monument.

With $275,000 already in hand, Scruggs is determined to raise the rest of the needed funds, now upped to an estimated $2.5 million, and have the monument finished in two years. A design competition will be announced soon and a jury of architects and art experts will select the winning entry. Scruggs and his fellow vets insist on just one requirement: the completed memorial must contain 57,000 names—those of every American who died in the war. ■

Jan Scruggs



Begin (above, center) mops his face and neck with his handkerchief, alarming Yigael Yadin (at Begin's left), who, moments later, leads the ailing

World

MIDDLE EAST

A Stricken Begin Holds On

His government survives, and autonomy talks resume

The Knesset had convened only a few minutes earlier to debate a measure of some consequence: a motion by the small (six-member) opposition Shai Party to dissolve parliament and hold early elections. At the horseshoe-shaped Cabinet table, Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 66, complained to colleagues that he suddenly felt warm. He mopped his brow with a handkerchief and loosened his tie. When Deputy Prime Minister Yigael Yadin asked him if he was all right, Begin weakly replied: "Get a doctor."

After leaving the chamber unobtrusively and locating the Knesset's physician, Yadin returned and led Begin to the Prime Minister's office. At first Begin insisted he wanted to stay and take part in the vote, but colleagues assured him there was no need. As he waited for the ambulance to arrive, Begin joked with friends, but then appeared to be in pain. He told Cabinet Secretary Aryeh Naor, who had been hospitalized with a heart attack only a month earlier: "You just came out. Now I'm going in."

At Jerusalem's Hadassah Hospital, where Begin shared an intensive-care room with five other heart patients, doctors confirmed that the Prime Minister had suffered a slight heart attack. They said he should remain in the hospital for two to three weeks, followed by two weeks of further recuperation at home. Despite his history of heart disease—including a major heart attack in March 1977—they predicted that he would be ready to resume his full duties after that. In fact, said an aide, "we have been assured that he will be able to return to his usual twelve- to 18-hour days."

Begin's latest illness came at a time when the Prime Minister had seemed to be in unusually good health and spirits. The resignation of his Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman, in late May had seemed to galvanize his determination to save his tottering government. Begin's speeches had thereafter been notable for their feisty and aggressive tone. "I feel terrific," he had been telling friends. Indeed, the night before the debate he had stayed up late at a bar mitzvah party for a friend's son.

Begin's collapse seems to have spared his government the full heat of criticism, at least for the moment. During the surprisingly low-keyed debate on last week's motion, opposition speakers emphasized Israel's domestic problems: a current inflation rate of 133%, a 500% increase in the cost of living since Begin came to power in 1977, a huge foreign debt and a soaring emigration rate. But then the Knesset defeated the opposition's call for elections by a vote of 60 to 54. Neither Weizman nor former Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan supported the government; Weizman stayed away, after telling newsmen he was going fishing, and Dayan voted with the opposition.

The government had survived. But, as one Cabinet member acknowledged, "the margin is getting narrower and narrower." The next challenge will probably come this fall, after the Knesset's summer recess. If Begin cannot return to work, the most likely candidate to replace him would be his current Foreign Minister, Yitzhak Shamir, 64, a longtime ally. But the hawkish Shamir, who favors expansion of the controversial Jewish settlements in the occupied West Bank, might not be able to commmand enough support to form a government.

There is not much doubt that if elections were held now, Begin's Likud coalition would be decisively defeated. A Jerusalem *Post* poll released last week showed that the opposition Labor Party would win 63 Knesset seats to 17 for Likud. In the present 120-member Knesset, Labor has 34 seats to Likud's 43. Another poll, this one by the independent newspaper *Ha'aretz*, suggested the depth of Israeli concern over the autonomy talks and where the nation is heading. According to the survey, 53% of Israelis either "do not believe at all" or "do not believe very much" that the talks will eventually lead to a genuine peace agreement.

Meanwhile, open opposition to the Begin government's policy on the occupied territories has surfaced in the American Jewish community. Last week a statement was released by 56 prominent American Jews, including three former chairmen of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DAVID RUBINGER

Prime Minister out of the Knesset chamber

Organizations. Previously endorsed by 250 influential Israelis, the statement criticized "extremists" within the Israeli government who "distort Zionism and threaten its realization." Implicitly opposing the Begin policy of building more Jewish settlements in the West Bank, the statement also condemned those who "advance the vicious cycle of extremism and violence" and concluded that "their way endangers and isolates Israel." The statement, in the view of Brandeis University Professor Leonard Fein, was "a vote of no confidence in the present Israeli government by a significant segment of the American Jewish leadership."

These days the Israeli government seems unwilling or unable to take any significant action that would win friends or influence allies, especially where the occupied territories are concerned. Last week the Knesset law committee endorsed a backbencher's bill that would legalize the annexation of East Jerusalem, which the Israelis seized in 1967, and confirm the city as Israel's permanent capital. On the same day, the U.N. Security Council passed a resolution deploring Israeli attempts to change the status of Jerusalem. The vote was 14 to 0, with the U.S. abstaining.

In Washington, negotiators for Israel, Egypt and the U.S. met for two days of discussion and announced that the autonomy talks would resume this week. In effect, the Washington meeting was a device for enabling Egypt to reenter the negotiations, which had broken down after President Anwar Sadat learned of the Jerusalem annexation bill.

The Carter Administration was relieved to have the negotiations back on some kind of track, even though little if anything will be accomplished in the next round of talks. Israel's chief negotiator, Interior Minister Yosef Burg, denied that he had any new proposals to make. In private, Egyptian diplomats gloomily conceded that they saw no hope of progress until after the U.S. elections. ■

The Anger of the Palestinians

In the West Bank, even advocating peace has its hazards

The accumulated violence in the Israeli-occupied West Bank has led to a new consensus of smoldering anger among Palestinians that has drastically curtailed the voices of moderation. Last week, after completing a tour of Palestinian communities in three Arab countries and in the occupied territories, TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman filed this report:*

At an Al-Fatah headquarters near the ruins of the Nabatiya refugee camp in Lebanon, flattened by an Israeli air strike in 1974, an unsmiling fedayeen officer in camouflage fatigues declares grimly: "In practical terms we are fighting the Americans. We have a slogan: 'The land is for the people who liberate it.' "

The sentiment is one of chilling determination. It is found not just in Palestine Liberation Organization circles but also among large numbers of Arabs living in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip who have hitherto rejected violence as a solution to the Palestinian problem. Part of it is born of the feeling that the Camp David accords are going nowhere. Part is an expression of anger at the bomb attacks last month that maimed the West Bank Arab mayors of Nablus and Ramallah. Argues Hikmat al-Masri, board chairman of Najah University in Nablus: "Under international law we should be protected by the Israelis. But they did not come to [Nablus Mayor] Bassam Shaka'a and ask him about the incident." Adds Rashad al-Shawwa, the mayor of Gaza: "We are against terror, but I am afraid that the state of frustrations of the Palestinians, violence must be used."

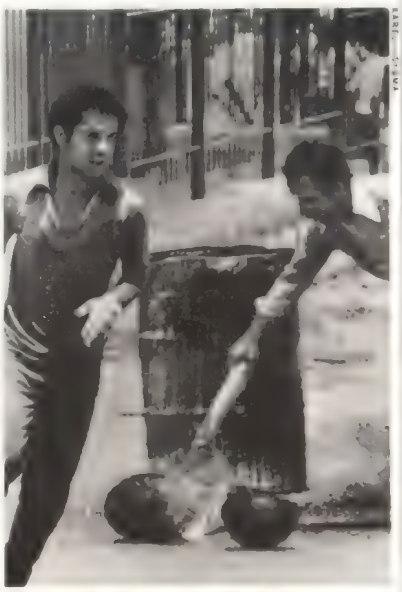
Rashad al-Shawwa is no radical: he has been the target of terrorist attacks because of his view that Gaza could not function without some kind of cooperation with the occupying Israelis. But at Bir Zeit University, just north of Ramallah in the West Bank, the students' anti-Israeli rhetoric would do credit to a warm-up rally for P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat. Says one 23-year-old student: "We believe in the slogan, 'What has been taken by force must be taken back by force.' Our struggle is part of the universal struggle against imperialism all over the world."

Sadly, the growing extremism in the West Bank has isolated or intimidated longtime advocates of communal peace between Jews and Arabs in the Middle East. In his quiet Ramallah apartment, Aziz Shahadeh, a lawyer since 1936, reflects on recent changes in the two communities. "I always thought that there was a silent majority of moderates among us, as there was among the Jews," he says. "Now the extremists are so powerful on both sides that the moderates have hushed their voices. Some day, there will be a catastrophe here, a real massacre."

Other Palestinians, who by no standard could be considered terrorists, worry about some terrible final conflagration. Says U.S.-educated Sari Nasir, who teaches at the University of Jordan in Amman: "People are saying now that it's not a question of Israel's borders, it's a question of its existence. It's either them or us."

After Israel, the main target of Palestinian resentment is the U.S., which evokes savage condemnations that stray close to open anti-Semitism. Says one bitter intellectual in Amman: "You know why I hate the American Government? Because it is not an American government, it is a Zionist government." Frustrated Palestinians often warn of the likelihood of a serious Arab use of the "oil weapon" by mid-1981. Adnan Abu Odah, a Jordan-based director of the World Affairs Council explains, "This is the question: How to make America's awareness of its liabilities outweigh its commitment to Israel."

Only one Palestinian during my two weeks of conversations suggested a solution to the Palestinian issue that did not envisage violence or coercion on a massive scale. Mansour al-Shawwa, a Gaza businessman who is also the mayor's son, still believes "the Arabs should declare peace with Israel and propose normalization." His reasoning: within three to five years, Israel would lose its "siege mentality," thereby leading to a new relationship between Arabs and Jews. But for Mansour al-Shawwa, the advocacy of peace has its hazards. Because of several terrorist attempts on his life, he is now protected at all times by a bodyguard. ■



Arabs protesting car-bombings of mayors

"There will be a catastrophe here."

EAST-WEST

Promise of Progress on Arms

After two days of brutally frank talks, a Soviet concession

"In a difficult world situation, we had difficult talks." So said West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt last week, summarizing a mission that had been fraught with perils. Washington had done little to hide its misgivings about the first visit by a Western leader to the Soviet capital since the invasion of Afghanistan six months ago. Like some of Bonn's allies, the U.S. was apprehensive that Schmidt might undermine Western solidarity by appearing as an appeaser, eager for détente for Europe at any price. Schmidt's political foes at home, mindful of national elections in October, had predicted that the Chancellor would return empty-handed and compromised.

The Kremlin's evident jubilation over his trip was scarcely reassuring. He had asked that the meeting be treated as a "working visit," with a minimum of pomp. When a tense but determined Schmidt stepped down from his white and blue Luftwaffe jet at Moscow's Vnukovo II Airport, President Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Alexei Kosygin and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko were on hand, along with a goose-stepping honor guard. Belying rumors about his ill health, Brezhnev strolled briskly across the Tarmac to greet Schmidt. The ceremony was clearly intended to convey the Kremlin's satisfaction that the Soviets were no longer considered in moral quarantine by the West.

Neither Schmidt nor his nervous allies had cause to worry about the summit's outcome. After two days of intense and often brutally frank discussion with Brezhnev and his top aides, the Chancellor returned home with his reputation as a statesman intact, and with a promise of progress on arms-reduction talks. The Soviets, reported Schmidt, had abandoned two key preconditions for entering into negotiations with the U.S. on limiting the deployment of intermediate-range missiles in Europe. "This is not a breakthrough," Schmidt told the Bundestag on his return, but "it opens a chance of preventing an unfettered arms race in this field."

SVEN SIMON

President Brezhnev and Chancellor Schmidt head away from honor guard at Moscow airport

The pomp conveyed the Soviets' view that they were no longer in moral quarantine.

In effect, Moscow had backed away from the inflexible position that it had adopted last December, when the NATO powers voted to develop and deploy a new medium-range nuclear strike force in Western Europe by 1983. The NATO force would consist of 572 Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles capable of striking Soviet territory. That force was aimed at countering the expanding Soviet arsenal of comparable weapons that already face Western Europe, which include 50 Backfire bombers and 200 medium-range SS-20 missiles. The Kremlin refused all offers to bargain with the Western allies on mutual reduction of intermediate-range systems unless NATO rescinded its deployment decision.

Last week, the Soviets indicated they would drop this precondition. Still, this did not mean that fruitful negotiations would follow. The Soviets had added a troublesome new demand that U.S. warplanes based in Western Europe and capable of striking the U.S.S.R. must be covered in any future talks. Moreover, West German diplomats pointed out, Moscow still insists that its massive deployment of SS-20s has not changed the strategic balance in Europe, as the Western allies firmly believe. The Soviets also said that Senate ratification of SALT II was no longer a precondition to begin negotiations —although the treaty would have to be approved before any new agreement on missiles could go into effect.

During nine hours of talks with Brezhnev, Kosygin and Gromyko, Schmidt failed to budge his Soviet hosts on Afghanistan, although he pressed them hard for a complete troop withdrawal. The Kremlin leaders also remained unmoved by his pleas for Soviet diplomatic pressure on behalf of the U.S. hostages in Iran. Nonetheless, Schmidt stood firm in emphasizing that West Germany could not be separated from its Western allies.

At a Kremlin dinner in his honor, the Chancellor delivered a lengthy toast in which he said that the Afghan crisis had "cast a broad shadow over East-West relations in Europe and aroused deep concern in the Third World." He warned that "those who care for peace in this world must refrain from forcing their own political, social and economic ideas" on other countries. Soviet irritation at the Chancellor's plain talk became apparent when TASS, the official news agency, inserted critical comments in a truncated text of his toast, something no Kremlinologist could recall ever happening before. Explained a Soviet diplomat in Bonn: "Schmidt insulted our hospitality by mentioning Afghanistan in his toast; he could have kept it private."

Behind the scenes, the Soviets continued to insist that the invasion of Afghanistan had been necessary to protect the country from "outside interference." Schmidt dismissed the claim as nonsensical, vainly arguing that the best course for the Soviet Union would be to withdraw its troops and agree to a neutral Afghanistan. "We had a lot of give and take," Schmidt said in Moscow. "We had obvious and strong differences of opinion, but the meetings proved clearly that it is essential to have top-level contacts for a thorough airing of views, especially when relations are not smooth."

After returning to Bonn, Schmidt dispatched his Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, to Washington to brief President Carter and Secretary of State Edmund Muskie on the summit. Muskie expressed cautious approval of the new Soviet position on arms negotiations, saying that the Administration "will study this reaction in a constructive spirit." A rough translation of Muskie's comment: Washington will follow up on Moscow's overture, in the hope that talks can reopen on an issue too important to ignore. ■

IRAN

Wages of Sin

New executions and purges

Their heads covered with ceremonial hoods, the four condemned prisoners were buried chest-deep in the earth just outside the town of Kerman in southern Iran. After the presiding Islamic judge had cast the first stone, five other people began pelting the hooded figures with rocks, some as large as oranges. The prisoners—two men accused of assorted sex crimes and two female prostitutes—took 15 minutes to die under the barbaric barrage. It was the first time in centuries that execution by stoning, a traditional Islamic punishment for certain sexual offenses, had been carried out in Iran.

The grim executions took place following renewed calls by Khomeini for a strict adherence to Islam and a purge of all forms of corruption. The 80-year-old Ayatullah had launched the campaign two weeks ago with an impassioned speech apologizing for the "incompetence" of his regime, which he said had "done nothing for the people." He particularly criticized certain officials in the government of President Abolhassan Banisadr. At the same time he demanded that "all traces of the former regime be obliterated."

Thus, even as the deposed Shah clung stubbornly to life in Cairo's Maadi Military Hospital following abdominal surgery, the mullahs waged war on his ghost in Iran. Thousands of photographs of the ousted monarch were burned in mass bonfires, the Pahlavi crest was hastily scissored from government stationery, and workmen hammered stone basreliefs of the imperial crown from the façades of public buildings. Hundreds of civil servants and teachers who were accused of having ties with the former regime were purged from government offices and universities.

Armed Iranian woman in traditional chador

Heeding the call for "proper Islamic dress."

In other outbursts of moral fervor, Khomeini decreed that all women must now cover themselves with "proper Islamic dress," and the Center for the Campaign Against Sin banned the sale of records and tapes of "vulgar music" from the West. The popularity of all these measures seems questionable: at week's end only some 300,000 responded to official calls for a pro-Khomeini demonstration in Tehran. That was an embarrassingly low turnout, compared with the millions who regularly jammed the streets of the capital at the beginning of the Islamic revolution last year.

The regime also took steps against "foreign espionage"—and for once this did not refer to the 53 Americans held hostage since November. Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh announced the expulsion of a high-ranking Soviet diplomat accused of spying. He then ordered Moscow to reduce its diplomatic staff in Iran sharply and announced the closing of the Iranian consulate in Leningrad.

Banisadr, meanwhile, seems powerless to deal with the country's problems, mainly because of ruthless political opposition from fundamentalist mullahs led by Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, president of the Supreme Court. Defending himself against his critics, Banisadr bitterly complained that he could "not fight on ten different fronts" and announced that he had given Khomeini a standing letter of resignation to act on whenever the Ayatullah sees fit. Says a senior government official: "Banisadr is trying in vain to convince Khomeini that he should allow him to govern. But Khomeini is suspicious of anyone who does not wear a turban." ■

Escape plane after making emergency landing in a cornfield near Feldbach, Austria; Rumanian pilot Aurel Popescu

Freedom-Bound by Air

Dissidents from Eastern Europe have fled westward in recent years in everything from hot-air balloons to homemade tanks, but last week Aurel Popescu, 27, established a first. He and the 19 relatives he brought with him were the first Rumanian defectors to flee in a crop duster.

Popescu's two-hour, 300-mile hedgehop from the Rumanian town of Arad to Feldbach, an Austrian village ten miles inside the Austro-Hungarian frontier, in a single-engine Antonov-2 biplane was almost flight-plan perfect. He loaded his passengers on a craft designed for no more than 14 people, then flew 150 ft. aboveground across Rumania and Hungary into Austria. After dodging high-tension wires, mountaintops, watchtowers, even barbed-wire fences, he made a bumpy landing in a rain-soaked cornfield, where Farmer Herbert Kaspar, 50, was working. Reported Kaspar: "For a while there was no sound, no movement. Finally a door opened, and the pilot got out. 'Austria?' he asked. I said, *'Ja,* Austria.' He began smiling and sobbing."

At week's end Popescu and his clan were awaiting word from the Austrian government on whether their request for political asylum would be granted.

NORTHERN IRELAND

New Plans for Sharing Power

But Catholic and Protestant politicians are equally skeptical

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher looked on pensively as her Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Humphrey Atkins, presented the long-awaited document to the House of Commons. The 16-page paper outlined an ambitious government plan for restoring self-government to Ulster after roughly eight years of direct rule by Westminster and a decade of sectarian violence that has claimed more than 2,000 lives. Atkins guardedly insisted that the Thatcher government's initiative contained "grounds for some optimism. I detect that the leaders of the political parties really do want to find a way forward."

The new proposals call for an Ulster government to be composed of an executive branch and an 80-member Assembly, elected on the basis of proportional representation. Catholics make up about one-third of Ulster's population of 1.5 million. Since they would form a permanent minority in the Assembly, Atkins outlined two options for assuring them a voice in the executive branch: 1) Cabinet seats proportional to their strength in the Assembly, or 2) a Cabinet controlled by the Protestant majority but counterbalanced by a special Council of the Assembly, endowed with veto powers, on which the largely Catholic minority parties would have a guaranteed 50% representation. Westminster would retain direct control over security, most taxation, defense and foreign policy; but all other political powers would reside in the government of Northern Ireland, as they did before the Stormont Parliament was suspended in 1972.

On the whole, initial reactions from Ulster's political leaders were not encouraging. The Official Unionists' craggy-faced leader, James Molyneaux, warned against adopting a "rigged Assembly" and reminded fellow M.P.s of the fate of a similar power-sharing plan that was wrecked by a Protestant-organized general strike in 1974. The Rev. Ian Paisley, the militant head of the Democratic Unionist Party, denounced any formula for sharing power with Catholics as "totally unacceptable." Nor were Catholics enthusiastic about the proposed guarantees. John Hume, Catholic leader of the moderate Social Democratic and Labor Party, said only that he would be open to having further talks.

Leaders of the predominantly Catholic Republic of Ireland, ever faithful to their goal of Irish unity, also reacted cautiously to the limited home-rule plan. An official statement from Dublin welcomed the discussion of "possible solutions" but insisted on "closer political cooperation between the British and Irish governments" on the Ulster question. Some measure of cooperation actually began in May, when Ireland's Taoiseach (Prime Minister) Charles Haughey had a cordial meeting with Thatcher, at which the two leaders agreed to hold regular consultations. At that time, Haughey insisted that the Republic did not seek to annex the six northern counties "by force." He suggested that his government would even be willing to change certain articles of the Irish Constitution, such as one that prohibits divorce, in order to accommodate Ulster Protestants in an eventual unification agreement.

Most of Ulster's Protestants reject unification. Their longstanding distrust of the Catholic South has been intensified by continuing hit-and-run raids across the long, largely open border by Provisional Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.) terrorists based in the Republic. In the border area of Newtownbutler alone, 51 Protestants have been shot by terrorists in the past few years. "It's as bad as Viet Nam here now," said a South Tyrone auto mechanic who had seen two co-workers gunned down by Provo hit men a week earlier. At an angry protest meeting in Newtownbutler last month, thousands of Unionists cheered as Paisley demanded that cross-border roads be sealed with mines and Molyneaux vowed that Protestants would "take whatever steps are necessary to protect ourselves."

Ian Paisley (right, with dark-rimmed glasses) at Unionist rally in Newtownbutler

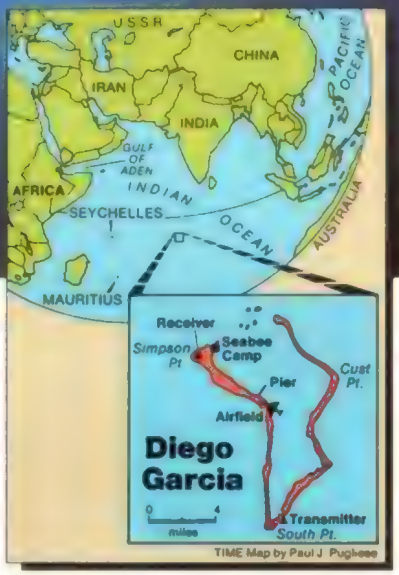
Angry talk of mining the border and answering I.R.A. violence in kind.

That was apparently no empty threat. Dublin intelligence sources claim that quiescent Protestant guerrilla groups are now back in operation. Indeed, Protestant "death squads" are suspected in the separate killings last month of two of Ulster's prominent Republican sympathizers, Landowner-Politician John Turnly, 44, and Queen's University Lecturer Miriam Daly, 45.

As the political violence continues, Ulster faces a steadily worsening economic crisis. Male unemployment is already running at nearly 15%, more than twice Britain's national average. Foreign investment has been difficult to attract, and the Thatcher government, grappling with Britain's own recession, is hardly able to fill the gap. Last week Atkins announced that the government would have to pump an additional $153 million into the ailing Belfast shipyard of Harland and Wolff in a last-ditch effort to save 7,000 jobs. British public expenditures in Northern Ireland, including the cost of security operations, average $3,200 a year for each of Ulster's 1.5 million inhabitants—a burden the government is anxious to lighten.

Westminster's desire for a speedy solution to Ulster's tragic and costly turmoil is reflected in Atkins' ambitious timetable: he plans to meet separately with the four main political parties in the coming weeks, reach a consensus on one of the proposed formulas by September and present a bill to Parliament before the Queen's speech in November. If the Ulster politicians cannot agree, as seems likely, the Thatcher government could submit its own plan to the people in the form of a referendum. That course runs the risk of further underlining the sectarian divisions in Ulster and might lead to a new round of bloodshed. ■

An aerial view of the island: at left, a pier stretches into lagoon



INDIAN OCEAN

Digging In at Diego Garcia

A tiny atoll becomes a big American base

It rises just 14 ft. above the waves and tends to be swampy when the tide rolls in. A herd of wild donkeys still roams the deserted remains of an old coconut plantation, and would-be snorkelers are warned to watch out for sharks that circle its shores.

Despite its modest size—36.2 miles long and an average of ¼ mile wide—Diego Garcia, named after the Portuguese navigator who discovered it in 1532, has nonetheless assumed vast strategic importance. Reason: a major U.S. air, naval and communications base, costing $187 million, is nearing completion on the tiny atoll. It will serve as a key support link for the growing American military presence in the region. Says Admiral Thomas Hayward, U.S. chief of naval operations: "Diego Garcia is critically important to the general support of our naval operations in the Indian Ocean."

Until now, U.S. ships on station in the Indian Ocean have been fed by supply lines stretching to Subic Bay in the Philippines, about 3,600 miles to the east, or to the Mediterranean Sea, some 3,200 miles to the northwest. Meanwhile, an imposing Soviet fleet calls at bases around the rim of the Indian Ocean, including an anchorage on the island of Socotra in the mouth of the Gulf of Aden. The Soviets are currently seeking permission to build a base in the Seychelles, 1,200 miles west of Diego Garcia, though President Albert René insists he will not grant it.

In 1966, the U.S. negotiated a 50-year lease with Britain for base rights on the atoll. Five years later, U.S. Navy Seabee teams began construction on Diego Garcia. It now has a complete airfield with a 12,000-ft. runway that can accommodate everything from the four-engine P-3 Orion patrol planes that fly submarine tracking missions from Diego to the huge C-5A and C-141 jet transports that land to drop supplies and refuel. The base also has permanent barracks for 820 troops, a large storage complex and a harbor that has been dredged deep enough (45 ft.) to accommodate the Navy's largest aircraft carriers (the U.S.S. *Eisenhower* and *Constellation* are currently stationed in the Indian Ocean).

Last week the first of seven supply ships sailed from Wilmington, N.C., loaded with tanks, armored personnel carriers and enough food, ammunition and other equipment to supply a 12,000-Marine amphibious brigade for a month. Taking up station at Diego Garcia, the ships will constitute a prepositioned mobile "supply dump" should the President order any part of the new 110,000-man Rapid Deployment Force into action in the region.

To keep the 1,800 men on Diego Garcia from going "rock happy," the Navy has provided softball fields, volleyball, handball and tennis courts, and a 25-meter swimming pool for those who are afraid of the sharks. There is also a popular off-duty hangout known as the Diego Burger.

A small diplomatic threat to the completion of the base has surfaced. 1,174 miles to the south in Mauritius, a one-time British colony that gained its independence in 1968. At that time, British authorities transported the 1,200 inhabitants of Diego Garcia to Mauritius, while retaining control of the atoll. Now Mauritius' Prime Minister, Sir Seewoosagur Ramgoolam, says he intends to press a claim of ownership of Diego Garcia upon Britain. In London diplomats expressed some puzzlement at the claim, since Diego Garcia was never officially part of Mauritius, even in colonial days. ■

Crewmen on airstrip with C-5A in center background; above, ordering a Diego Burger

Also, softball fields, tennis courts, and a swimming pool for those who fear the sharks.

Preparing for surgery: Manhattan Orthopedist Hugo Keim explains impending operation with help of model spine

Medicine

COVER STORY

That Aching Back!

Doctors take a new look at mankind's oldest, most stubborn agony

On a sunny day in Africa 10 million years ago, give or take a few million, Mr. and Mrs. Ramapithecus and their children were out foraging for food. Like their primate cousins in the forest, they usually swung gracefully from limb to limb searching out nuts, fruits and berries. But this day was different. A fierce rainstorm had knocked all their favorites off the branches, and the Ramas, alas, were forced to descend from the trees to find something to eat.

Moving awkwardly on all fours, knuckles bent, they were ungainly creatures on the ground and also extremely vulnerable. Barely 3 ft. high, unable to see over the tall grass, Rama suddenly found himself and his brood confronted by a snarling saber-toothed tiger. What to do?

The forest was too far off for a dash to safety. So, in an inspired gesture, Ramapithecus reached for a rock with both forefeet, reared back on his hind legs and heaved the stone at the predator. Startled to see this usually four-footed prey erect, the tiger cautiously retreated. But the apeman's triumph was costly. Unaccustomed to the abrupt, upright position, he was left doubled over in agony with a piercing pain in his lower back.

An anthropological fable? Perhaps. But there is little doubt that, when man's ancestors first learned to stand on hind legs, they exposed themselves to aches in the back that have been plaguing their descendants ever since. Today Ramapithecus' spinal distress is experienced millions of times a day around the world. Indeed, after headaches, pain in the back—usually the lower—is man's most common and intractable physical complaint. It is also the object of intensive investigation by doctors into new ways of curing this most ancient of ailments.

At one point or another in their lives, eight of every ten people on earth will suffer from this universal affliction. In the U.S. alone, as many as 75 million Americans have back problems, and there are 7 million new victims each year. Of these, 5 million are partly disabled, and 2 million are unable to work at all.

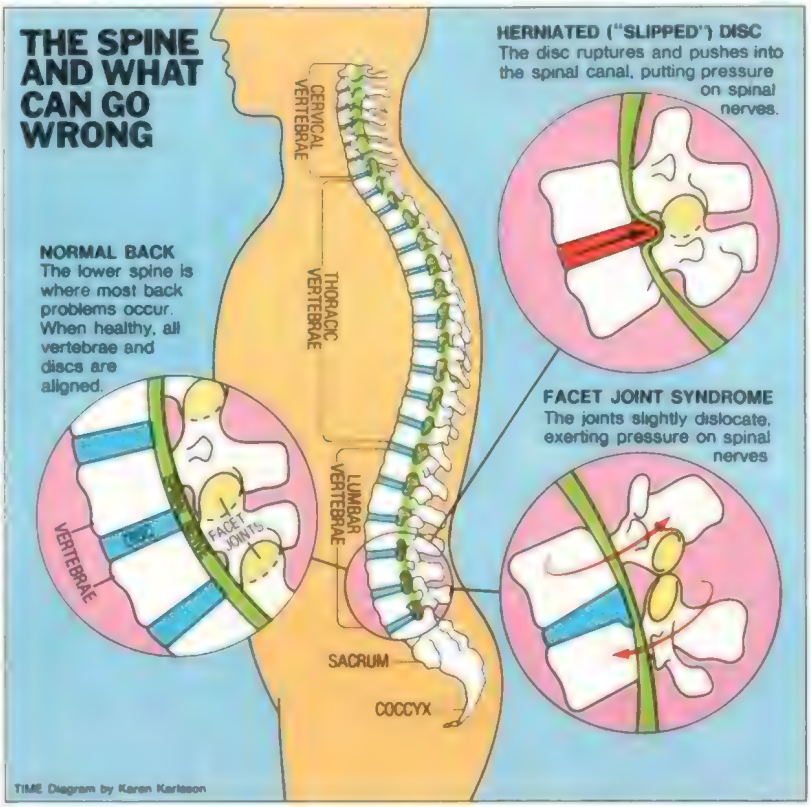
Backaches can strike almost everyone, the young and the old, males and females, people of all classes and professions. Thomas Jefferson suffered an acute case of backache when he rashly took it upon himself to show his slaves how to use a plow. Ernest Hemingway, who had a nagging back problem, chose to write standing up. To ease the pain of a wartime injury, John Kennedy spent hours in the soothing comfort of a White House rocking chair.

More recent victims of back trouble have included Cyrus Vance, Edmund Muskie, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Suther-

land and Barbra Streisand. Sports figures suffer from back pain too. Golfer Lee Trevino and former New York Yankee Infielder Tony Kubek have been stricken. Earlier this year Hockey Center Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks was permanently sidelined by his aching back.

No one except a victim can truly understand the complete sense of helplessness and despair that overcomes a once vigorous adult who is suddenly struck down by this devastating, if usually temporary, ailment. The victim's world quickly shrinks, often limited at the onset to bed or couch. Work and household chores are almost totally ignored, and every movement is fraught with peril. Dressing becomes torturous; a visit to the toilet is a major expedition. Sitting in a chair to eat or read can be agony. Sex becomes virtually impossible. Even after the pain subsides, the sufferer wonders at almost every turn whether it will strike again.

Beyond the personal grief, back pain exacts a staggering social cost. In the U.S., 93 million workdays are lost each year because of back problems. In Sweden, where sick-pay benefits are liberal, backaches are the single largest cause of worker absenteeism. Americans, in their often futile quest for relief, now spend $5 billion a year for tests and treatment by a dizzying array of back specialists, including orthopedists, osteopaths, physical therapists and chiropractors, to say nothing of self-styled gurus who promote every manner of cure. Billions more are paid out in disability claims, lawsuit awards and other settlements resulting from back injuries.



Why do backs ache? In part, it is the price that humans pay for insisting on standing erect. Says Orthopedist Hugo Keim of Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center: "If you believe in evolution as I do, then you can trace all of our lower back problems to the time when the first hominid stood erect. If you're a creationist, you can look at it this way: when Eve offered Adam the apple, he stood up to accept it."

But there is also a distinctly contemporary aspect to back trouble. As people grow more and more sedentary in an increasingly automated world—doing most work sitting down, adding extra pounds of girth—their backs become ever more vulnerable to injury. Explains Dr. Kenneth Casey, a pain specialist at the University of Michigan: "Low-back pain is largely a social problem. It's as much due to the way we live as anything else."

Almost anything can make the back go awry: sudden stops in vehicles, exertions in athletic competition, wearing high heels, bending over an ironing board. Even routine activities like brushing teeth or reflex actions like sneezing and coughing can knock the back out of whack. The horror stories abound. In Alexandria, Va., Anne Moffett, 37, a mother of three, found herself stricken while bending over to make a bed: "Minutes passed, but I was too terrified to straighten up, even to withdraw my hands from the covers. Finally my mother came and coaxed me, inch by painful inch, into the bed."

In Columbus, two winters ago, Furniture Executive Ernest Stern, 57, had helped his employees lift a cabinet. Then he pushed a stalled car in front of his house and shoveled snow from his driveway. These exertions made his back feel somewhat stiff, but he decided to keep a tennis date anyway. That was a mistake. After the first serve, Stern's back gave way, and he had to be helped off the court. In San Francisco, Barbara Gordan, 41, a housewife, was similarly immobilized: after wrenching her back while storing books in her attic, she lay there undiscovered for eight frustrating hours.

Despite its occasional failures at inopportune moments, the back is a marvel of biological engineering. It is not only the body's principal scaffolding, on which the skull, ribs, pelvis and shoulder bones are all anchored. It also serves as the major conduit for the bundles of nerves—the spinal cord—that link the brain with other parts of the body. When doctors speak of the back, they usually mean the spinal column. Sweeping from the base of the skull to the pelvis in a graceful yet extremely strong double-S shape, this natural architectural masterpiece consists of 33 building blocks, called vertebrae. So artfully are they sculpted that they fit neatly into one another. An intricate system of muscles, tendons and ligaments keeps the column from collapsing. The lower portion of the spine, known as the lumbosacral region, is the site of the pain that bothers most people. It can withstand pressures of hundreds of pounds. Yet the entire column is so flexible that it can be bent to form two-thirds of a circle. Gymnasts and dancers can make the move look natural, as it is.

Though the back is thus elastic, its parts are in delicate balance; any damage in one area

BILL PIERCE

Back patient in CAT scanner, and view of her lower spine

A dose of gravity-traction therapy in Minneapolis

Bachrach (kneeling) and assistant show dancer how to avoid backache

can disrupt the whole complex machinery. Sometimes the trouble starts in youth. If one leg, for instance, grows significantly longer (more than half an inch) than the other—a not infrequent occurrence—it puts unequal pressures on the spine. If certain of the vertebrae have failed to form properly, the result may be a pronounced sideways curve called scoliosis, a condition that causes disability and pain. Tumors can grow in the confined regions of the spinal column, pressing or pinching nerves. In cases of rheumatoid arthritis, the cushioning discs that act as shock absorbers between the vertebrae prematurely degenerate, losing their sponginess and eventually disappearing.

Indeed, the possible causes of back pain are so numerous that pinpointing them may pose an almost Holmesian diagnostic challenge. Says Orthopedist Edwin Guise of Henry Ford Hospital, physician for the Detroit Lions: "You have to think of everything from poor posture to cancer."

As varied as the back's problems may be, up to 80% of those who complain of lower-back pain are victims of one of three syndromes. The most common of these involves nothing more than overworked muscles. Normally, as the body moves, its muscles contract and relax in quick succession. But if they are strained beyond their limit, they rebel. An overtaxed muscle suddenly goes into a sustained contraction, or spasm. It becomes a hard, knotty mass. The tiny blood vessels that bring it oxygen and nourishment and carry off wastes constrict. Soon some of the cells in the stricken muscle die, and the body sends out a distress signal in the form of a sharp pain.

Excruciating as it may be, the pain is nothing compared with what usually accompanies the second major source of back pain: what is commonly, and incorrectly, called a "slipped" disc. In fact, the disc has not slipped. Rather it has herniated, or ruptured. Its gelatinous central region bulges out, sometimes even breaking through its surrounding wall of ligaments. The discs most likely to rupture are the one separating the two lowest lumbar vertebrae and the one separating the last lumbar from the sacrum, the next lowest region of the spine. The dislocated material often pushes against the spinal nerves, which are extremely sensitive to any pressure. The slightest movement, even a laugh, can trigger an excruciating wave of pain.

In the 1970s, some doctors became convinced that there is another source of backaches that rivals herniated discs as a cause of grief. It is called the facet-joint syndrome. Facets are small flat surfaces on the vertebral arch (the knobby outer structure of the arch can be felt by touching the back). In the normal, healthy back, the facets of one vertebra line up precisely with those of adjoining vertebrae, creating smoothly functioning facet joints. But sometimes a facet dislocates; all it may take is a sudden twist or bend. The bone may begin to press on the tiny nerves that run to it from the spinal cord. Like a herniated disc, facet-joint syndrome can be accompanied by severe pain.

To the hapless victim of any of these ails, the quest for help may be as exasperating as the pain itself. Too often, each specialist who is consulted has a different explanation of what is wrong and, more vexing, a different way of setting it right. For example, some doctors still speak of lumbago and sciatica. But these are notoriously imprecise terms for generalized pain in the lower back or neighboring areas that may be the consequence of various difficulties. Says Murray Goldstein, deputy director of the National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke: "All treatments are controversial, and the reason is an almost complete lack of controlled clinical trials. Treatments have been based on the bias of the particular physician."

If there is indeed bias, among those responsible for it are orthopedists, who are conventional medicine's chief authorities on the back. When consulted by patients,

these and other back specialists will usually start off with some rigorous questioning. When and how did the pain begin? Where is it now located? What treatments have been tried? Do other family members have similar difficulties? The doctor will also inquire closely into the patient's general health, past illnesses, work and leisure activities, even sexual habits. Orthopedic Surgeon J. William Fielding of New York City's St. Luke's Hospital says that he can usually pinpoint the patient's problem from this ritual alone. He also points out that the pattern of pain is itself a diagnostic tool. Reason: the nerve pathways branching off different areas of the spinal cord have been so well mapped that any pain along them can be used to point back to the spinal injury.

The actual physical examination begins even before the patient crawls onto the examining table. Says Columbia's Keim: "I like to watch the patient undress, see how he moves, sits, stands." The doctor may ask the patient to perform various exercises —walking on heels and tiptoes, bending from the waist, twisting, reaching as high as possible with the hands. Lying on the table, the patient will probably be made to continue the gymnastics with movements of the legs and hips. The doctor will feel around the abdominal area for tumors, which may be the real problem. He will also probe for pain around the kidneys and explore the rectum (purpose: to look for growths and check the condition of the coccyx, the lowermost four vertebrae, which are the evolutionary remnants of a tail). Finally the doctor will test the patient's reflexes with the time-honored taps on the knee and ankle, measure the muscles and test sensation with pinpricks.

When all the prodding and poking are done, the patient's spine will be X-rayed. If this does not reveal the exact nature of the problem, the physician may turn to a more complex radiological examination: the myelogram (from the Greek word for marrow). In this discomforting form of X ray, a dye that blocks the radiation is injected into the lower portion of the spinal canal, the passageway for the spinal cord. The patient is tilted forward so that the dye runs up along the canal; and if, say, a disc or a tumor is protruding into the passageway, it will show up as a tiny indentation in the sinuous shadow representing the canal. To avoid the risks from the intrusion of the foreign dye, more and more doctors are opting for the CAT scanner. This computerized X-ray marvel can provide amazingly detailed cross-section views of the body, including the spine, clearly showing both soft and bony tissues. In fact, it is this controversial and expensive machine that has helped doctors identify hard-to-detect facet joint problems as a major source of back pain.

Even after the trouble is diagnosed, the patient is confronted by a baffling choice of therapies. A vigorous approach may be recommended by osteopaths, who belong to a tradition of medicine that says many ailments are a byproduct of disturbances of the musculoskeletal system. Chiropractors may be of a similar mind; they are practitioners who hold that illnesses can usually be traced to misalignments in the spinal column. Both may advise manipulation, the application of quick, sharp pressure with the fingers and hands to move a misaligned bone into place. Many satisfied patients, including benefactors of osteopathic education like the late Nelson Rockefeller, have extolled their therapists' skills. But, says NIH's Goldstein, himself an osteopath: "So far there is no evidence that manipulation is better for a patient than whistling *Dixie*."

M.D.s, on the other hand, almost universally recommend bed rest, at least for acute back pain, plus aspirin or a muscle relaxant. Some also suggest heating pads or ice treatments, although their value is in dispute. The best healer is time. Says Dr. George Hyatt, chief of orthopedics at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.: "Most back problems will correct themselves within three weeks, no matter what we do. So the object is to make the patient as comfortable as possible."

Even so, there may be more trouble in the future. Says Orthopedist Leon Root of the Hospital for Special Surgery in New York City: "Once your back is injured it is never cured. Low back pain is your warning that something is wrong. The next time it hits it will be worse. What you have to do is heed this warning and take steps to prevent the problem from ever occurring again." Those steps: use a firm mattress or bedboard, lose any excess weight, and do low back exercises daily. Unfortunately, most patients do no more than change their bedding. Says Keim, who exercises faithfully every morning: "People want pills and drugs. They want surgery. They want corsets and braces. What they don't want is to exercise. It's boring and people are lazy."

Lack of exercise leads to a loss of muscle tone. The potbelly puts staggering pressure on the spine. Says Dr. Ronald Taylor of Detroit's Troy-Beaumont Hospital: "Ten pounds of extra weight on the abdomen is equal to 100 lbs. of weight at the disc." Reason: as the belly thrusts out, the buttocks push back to offset the excess weight in front, and the spine's normal curve deepens. For women the problem becomes especially acute in the last months of pregnancy, when many suffer severe back pain.

On the whole, back specialists applaud the current physical fitness craze with its emphasis on conditioning, proper weight and diet. But they also warn that nothing succeeds like excess in inviting spinal injury. Indeed, the sometime jock, who embarks on sudden spurts of activity, is especially likely to be hit by back pain. Says Dr. Richard Stauffer of the Mayo Clinic's back center in Rochester, Minnesota: "There's the attorney who sits around all week and then engages in a vigorous weekend of tennis or handball. On Monday he can't get out of bed." The message: exercise if you will, but do it cautiously, with proper warmups. Start on any difficult new workout warily.

Very few people, though, follow the exercise prescription. Even if they engage in proper conditioning programs, they frequently slack off after their backs feel good again. Such lassitude invites disaster. Paul Hendricks, 53, a Philadelphia wholesale-food broker, first injured his back as a young Marine. Just short of his 30th birthday, he reinjured it while playfully swinging his four-year-old in the air. For 1½ years, Hendricks followed his exercise regimen. Then he tapered off. While driving to work one day, he paid the price. Stopped at a traffic light, he reached back for a newspaper. The light changed, horns honked, traffic moved. Not Hendricks. It

SPRINGMANN—BLACK STAR

Placing electrodes on forehead and back for biofeedback therapy

If it can't be eliminated, try to live around it

Some Dos and Don'ts for Back Care

Sitting is one of the most common positions during waking hours. It also happens to be one of the worst for the back. Choose a chair that provides firm support, especially of the lower back. Keep feet slightly elevated. Get up occasionally, stretch and walk around to relieve the strain. A special tip to men: do not keep a bulging wallet in the back pocket. During long intervals of sitting, it can press on the sciatic nerve, sending shooting pains down the leg.

When picking up or lifting things, do not bend from the waist. Squat, keeping the back straight. That reduces pressure on the lumbar area, site of most backaches.

Poor sleep posture is a sure invitation to backaches. Use a firm mattress. Lie on the side with a bend to the knees. Avoid lying on the belly, a position that increases the spine's lumbar curve, causing that familiar sagging called swayback.

High-heeled shoes may be in fashion in certain circles, but they throw the spine badly out of line, tilt the pelvis and can lead to trouble. Try hard to resist them.

Driving long distances can be a sure pain in the back. Some remedies: get out of the car every hour and walk around for a few minutes; position the seat forward so that knees are bent; place a cushion at the small of the back; if the tilt of a car's seats can be adjusted, change the angle slightly every so often. Boston Orthopedist Robert Boyd has perhaps the best idea: "If the trip is longer than a few hours, fly."

At cocktail parties, singles bars and other stand-up affairs, be sure to circulate about the room. Prolonged standing in one place may not only be dull; it puts great pressure on the spine. Shifting the weight from one foot to the other also helps relieve the strain of standing in place. At a bar do what experienced patrons have long done: always keep a foot on the rail or a rung of the bar stool.

Avoid girdles and skintight jeans. If they are worn for any length of time, the abdominal muscles, a key prop for the spine, are likely to weaken, and the chances of back injury may increase.

Even toting a shoulder bag, attaché case or photographic gear can be risky.

Heavy loads should be balanced on both shoulders. If the package cannot be divided, it should occasionally be switched from side to side to relieve the lopsided pressure.

Mother was right: stand up straight. Keep the body relaxed but erect, although not in the ramrod West Point style. Throw back the shoulders, keep the abdomen pulled in. As a check, stand with heels, buttocks, shoulders and head pressed firmly against a wall. If you can barely slip your hand between the wall and the small of the back, mother should have no reason to complain.

took a state trooper half an hour to extricate him from his car. After three weeks in traction and seemingly endless consultations with doctors, Hendricks has been doing his exercises faithfully.

For patients like Hendricks, the nagging memory of their past pain may be enough of a prod to exercise. But Orthopedist Root tries to provide additional incentive. Seated across the desk from a patient, he outlines the exercise routine, then picks up a scalpel and hones it a few times on a small whetstone. "Remember," he says, "if you don't want to be bothered with exercises I also do surgery."

Operations are in fact a common way of dealing with back pain, especially the agony of herniated discs. Introduced in the 1930s, the surgical removal of a disc, called a laminectomy, is performed nearly 200,000 times a year in the U.S. In perhaps a third of all cases, patients have additional surgery to firm up the damaged spine. The follow-up operation is called a fusion; bone chips, usually taken from the pelvis, are lined up like little splints across adjoining vertebrae. The chips eventually form a permanent bond with the bones, and that section of the spine becomes rigid.

The operations can be extremely effective. Six weeks after his ruptured disc was removed last fall, Detroit Lions Punter Tom Skladany was back on the playing field practicing his kicks. But the procedure is also risky. Except in the hands of the best surgeons, it offers only a moderate rate of success, and in the opinion of some doctors it is often performed unnecessarily. Urged by one physician to have a laminectomy, a New Jersey man received this second opinion from an orthopedist friend: "I do the best laminectomy of anybody I know, and if I were you, I wouldn't even let me do it." As for fusion, says Dr. Ernest Johnson of Ohio State University, "It's like killing a fly on the windowpane with a sledgehammer. The fly is dead, but you've also broken the glass." Why so many operations? "When you have a hammer in your hand, everything looks like a nail."

Even more controversial than surgery is the injection of an enzyme called chymopapain into a ruptured disc. Extracted from papayas, a popular tropical fruit, the substance is similar to one of the ingredients of meat tenderizers, which are made from the same plant. Developed in the early 1960s by Orthopedist Lyman Smith of Elgin, Ill., the treatment is designed to dissolve the disc's gelatinous pulp and eliminate the need for an operation. But a decade later, in 1975, after a controversial study that disputed the chemical's effectiveness, the Food and Drug Administration pressured the manufacturer to withdraw the substance. Chymopapain, however, is still available in Canada, and many Americans go there for treatment, sometimes with their doctors' blessings. Says the University of Mi-

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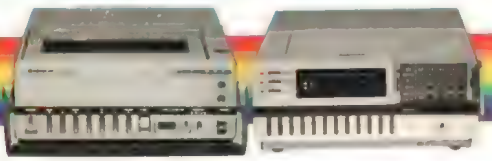

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ami's Dr. Mark Brown: "Ninety percent of the patients I send there come back fine; they don't need anything else."

Toronto Surgeon Ian Macnab reports similar results. In the past ten years, chymopapain has been used on 2,000 back patients in the Toronto area. Eight of every ten cases, says Macnab, require no follow-up surgery. In a recently published study, Dr. Manucher Javid of the University of Wisconsin in Madison found that 83 of 114 patients who had received chymopapain for herniated discs had little or no back pain three to six years after the treatment. Still, many orthopedists remain skeptics. They worry about possible side effects; as a foreign substance, the enzyme may cause allergic reactions, including shock. The dispute may some day be settled when a study pitting chymopapain against two placebos is completed at a number of U.S. medical centers.

The latest addition to the repertory of medical treatments for backache is called gravity traction. It is an updated form of a treatment that goes back to the time of Hippocrates. In those days, people with bad backs were strapped to a long ladder, then turned upside down and lowered suddenly to the ground. That may have been somewhat jolting, but all the stretching—what modern doctors would call traction—presumably relieved the problem by opening the spaces between the vertebrae.

At the Sister Kenny Institute in Minneapolis, patients are strapped to a tilting bed—mercifully, head up—and rotated to an almost standing position. Explains the technique's innovator, Dr. Charles Burton: "For hundreds of years, people told their doctors they got relief from hanging from their arms." Now, he points out, they can get the same benefits in the comfort of a hospital bed. The technique seems to work for many people, but critics say that traction is effective simply because it removes the patient from daily stresses and enforces rest.

In many cases of back pain, nothing seems to help. Bed rest, exercise, surgery and traction—all fail to bring relief. Why? To some extent, the answer may be medical ignorance; despite years of examining and dissecting, doctors still find many aspects of the spine and its associated muscles and nerves to be something of a mystery. More important, doctors have lately made a surprising discovery. From all indications, a major aspect of lower back pain appears to be psychological. Some back specialists say that in as many as 80% of all cases the pain is due not to any overt organic problem but to such elusive factors as stress, worry and other mental attitudes. Dr. John Basmajian of Canada's McMaster University puts even greater emphasis on the psychological aspect of backaches.

In fact, some people seem to have a heavy emotional investment in continuing their pain, which is quite real to the patient, even if it is of psychosomatic origin. Explains Dr. John Bonica of the University of Washington in Seattle, co-founder of the first major pain-relief clinic in the U.S.: "Take the case of a middle-aged lady who has been married for about 20 years and whose children are grown and have left home. She has an emotional need for love and affection, but her husband is always busy with his work. One day this lady falls in the snow and complains of lower back pain. Suddenly her husband is attentive to her. Subconsciously she perceives that she is rewarded for her painful illness. The original injury heals, but she still complains about the pain."

Back pain can also be a byproduct of difficulties on the job, problems in personal relations, or grief over the death of a loved one. Such "masked depression," notes Psychiatrist Thomas Hackett of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital, can go on for years. Boredom can have similar effects, says New York Osteopath Richard Bachrach. As he explains it: "A lot of my female back patients are bored, lacking in direction. Back trouble gives them an excuse for their behavior. If they're not getting on with their husbands, they can say, 'Oh, I can't have sex because my back is bothering me.' It's better than a headache. And if their backs aren't bothering them, they can avoid sex for fear of triggering back problems." There is no small irony in such excuses. As it happens, the pelvic movements of conventional intercourse are regarded by some orthopedists as an ideal preventive exercise for back pain.

Some medical observers, like U.C.L.A. Psychiatrist Charles Wahl, insist that there is even such a thing as a "backache personality." People in this category tend to be hard driving but lacking in self-confidence. They are also likely to repress anger and avoid conflicts, traits they share with many victims of ulcer and headaches. Says Basmajian: "Back pain is just a tension headache that has slipped down the back."

In desperation, such patients are turning increasingly to the growing number of pain clinics across the country. Because of the psychological component of pain, these centers include psychiatrists, counselors and social workers in multidisciplinary medical teams. Back pain can account for half or more of their patient loads. Their principal strategy is, as Dr. Steven Brena of Emory University's Pain Control Center in Atlanta puts it, to convince patients that pain is "a perception, not a sensation." Translation: they train patients to deal with their pain, if it cannot be eliminated, and live around it.

That may be an extremely difficult task. Many of the patients have been in pain for years and sometimes have undergone three or four operations. Often they are unable to work or accept family responsibilities. Some are dependent on tranquilizers or, worse, addicted to pain-suppressing narcotics. Dr. Burnell Brown, director of the University of Arizona's pain clinic in Tucson, says that patients sometimes arrive carrying bags filled with a dozen or more bottles of different medications that doctors have prescribed for them.

Many of the methods used at the clinics are unconventional, at least by ordinary medical standards. They include hypnosis, biofeedback and acupuncture. Some new approaches are also being explored. To numb sensitive areas of the back by killing nerves, the pain doctors have been injecting alcohol into the tiny nerves of the vertebrae. For problems with

Inserting acupuncture needles to treat degenerative disc

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[3]About 20% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys the owner left *in the ignition*; in another 20%, keys are transparently "hidden" above the visor, in the glove compartment or under the driver's seat. Locking your car won't protect it from a professional thief, but it will protect it from the joy-riding teenagers who account for many thefts.

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Squat, Stretch and Bend

These gentle, easy-to-perform exercises are among the most common recommended by doctors and physical therapists as insurance against the miseries of backache. They include a series of squats on tiptoe while holding a chair for balance; sit-ups that include touching the toes; pushing forward as far as possible on a bent knee; curling forward while seated in a chair; and tucking knees to chest while lying flat on the back. Their purpose: to firm up the various muscles, such as those of the abdomen, chest and hips, that support the spine; only a few minutes of daily exercising should suffice. The movements may be uncomfortable at first, and each exercise should be repeated only two or three times when starting out such a program. If there is any pain, the exercising should be halted. But as the muscles stretch and strengthen, the routine should become more natural, if not actually fun.

facet joints, they sometimes insert heated needles into the area's nerves, an acupuncture-like technique called surgical diathermy or facet denervation. Another popular tool of the pain clinicians: pocket-size electrical stimulators that patients carry around with them. Held against a painful area these gadgets provide a little shock that produces a tingling sensation and temporarily blocks the pain.

In cases of severe chronic pain, a highly sophisticated variant of such stimulators can be embedded in the body itself. The technique has been used since 1974 by Neurosurgeon Yoshio Hosobuchi of the University of California in San Francisco. He implants one to three hair-thin electrodes in the brain or spine; these wires lead to a small radio-activated electrical source placed just under the skin of the chest. To get relief from pain, the patient presses a small radio transmitter against the chest. The transmitter's signal activates the little power plant, which promptly shoots a tiny electrical current into the brain or spine and thus fires critical nerve cells. The object: to release a flow of beta-endorphin, a morphine-like substance produced by the nerve cells that acts as the body's own internal painkiller. With only 15 minutes of such self-stimulation, says Hosobuchi, a victim of chronic low back pain may be able to obtain relief for a period ranging from a few hours to several days. However, patients may develop a tolerance to the process.

By such tactics some clinics are able to return as many as 65% of back sufferers to productive, if not pain-free, lives. Robert Sumpter, 45, of Modesto, Calif., sought out Hosobuchi after four back operations and a bout with the bone infection osteomyelitis that left him in such great pain that he required constant medication with narcotics. At first, Sumpter had to use the transmitter four times a day. Now he resorts to it only once daily. He also has resumed a life-style that he had totally abandoned because of his addiction. Says he, with undisguised relief: "I drive my car now and I mow my lawn."

In some cases, when nothing seems to help the pain, the patient is malingering. He uses an injury, often minor, to press lawsuits, collect workmen's compensation and Social Security, and pick up insurance disability payments. The problem is not confined to the U.S. In Sweden 25% of workers who retire early do so because of back troubles—in many cases on the basis of obviously phony claims. Keim says facetiously that such people are suffering from "green poultice syndrome": "These patients often respond miraculously to the application of $100 bills. When the pile of bills reaches the proper thickness, the 'poultice' takes effect and the patient is cured." Though malingerers are often adept at mimicking symptoms of true back pain, they sometimes outsmart themselves. One trick doctors use to trip them up: they ask the patient to kneel on a stool, lean over and try to touch the floor. Even someone with a severely herniated disc can usually perform the stunt, but the fakers will more often than not refuse to do it on the grounds that the pain is too great.

The prevention of backache, like that of other difficult ailments, remains the best—some doctors would say the only—cure. Until recently, public knowledge about proper care of the back was virtually nonexistent. Now the word is beginning to get out. Since 1974 the Toronto-based Canadian Back Education Units have been offering a series of four 90-minute talks on back care for sufferers in American and Canadian cities. The topics include anatomy, posture, emotional factors in back pain, relaxation techniques, abdominal exercises and the proper way to lift objects.

In New York, Bachrach has been holding regular Wednesday afternoon workshops for his patients, many of them dancers. As they go through movements before a mirror, Bachrach and Movement Therapist Glenna Batson point out potentially back-damaging flaws and suggest corrections. In Atlanta, Physiotherapist Stanley Paris and the staff members at his Atlanta Back Clinic have been giving lectures and demonstrations to employees of local firms. A back-education film is being prepared for use by major corporations. How effective are these programs? Says Therapist Connie Grondona, who conducts a monthly program at the University of California's Lawrence-Berkeley Laboratory: "People in my class don't get backaches."

As the human body continues to travel along the evolutionary pathway that began, perhaps, with Ramapithecus' move, more structural changes will occur. These may enable the back to cope better with the hazards of an upright stance and those of civilized life. Yet until that far-off day, men and women must look elsewhere for ways of avoiding backaches. Clearly the answer lies not only in the spine but in another organ that also suffers from occasional neglect: the brain. It surely has developed sufficiently since Ramapithecus' time to watch over so essential a part of the anatomy as the back. And that's no fable. —*By Anastasia Toufexis*

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Kidnaped by Mom or Dad

Angry parents take custody disputes into their own hands

Afraid of losing custody of her three sons in an upcoming divorce proceeding, Barbara Ferry of Rochester fled the state with the youngsters—ages 9, 11 and 13. Husband John Ferry launched a frantic search, hiring private detectives and lawyers, mailing out hundreds of photos of his children to schools and law-enforcement agencies. Fifteen months and $17,000 later, he tracked Barbara and the children to McAllen, Texas, where he picked up his sons as they left school and flew them home in a chartered plane.

Kathy Fenton, 26, of Centereach, N.Y., had only $100 in her bank account when her former husband Jerry ran off with their two sons, 8 and 6. She heard they were in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., hitchhiked down and confronted her ex-husband as he entered a post office. Though he refused to return the children, she hired a lawyer, and eight months later her sons were returned.

Children, always the primary victims of divorce, have a new problem to worry about: even after custody is settled they are apt to be kidnaped by the parent who loses out. Though statistics are unavailable, an estimated 25,000 to 100,000 youngsters are whisked away from home by a parent each year. Since mothers routinely get custody in most states, the abductor is usually the father, acting partly out of revenge, partly out of fear that the child will be turned against him. Says Rochester Psychologist Jeannette Minkoff: "The noncustodial parent worries that he is going to be excluded from the child's life. He feels that he has to take matters into his own hands."

Typically, the kidnaping is an angry, impulsive act: a parent decides on the spot not to give the child back after a regular visit, usually after news of a change in the ex-spouse's life, such as remarriage or plans to move out of town. The child is almost always between the ages of three and twelve; children under three are too difficult for a working parent to care for alone, and a teen-ager can always phone home or hop a bus and leave.

Sometimes the kidnaping parent returns the child quickly, after sobering advice from a lawyer. More commonly, the parent is grimly determined to keep the child, moving from state to state and changing his and the child's name to cover the trail. For the youngster, the furtiveness and instability of life on the lam can be overwhelming. One New York boy, 10, was taken by his father on the road from coast to coast and back again. Though retrieved after three months and returned to his mother, the boy is so terrified that the experience will be repeated that he is afraid to leave the house. He has nightmares, usually ending with the cry, "Don't take me!" Now he sees his father occasionally, but only with his therapist present.

One of the most severe cases of kidnap trauma occurred in Illinois. A girl, 6, was taken away by her father at night, leaving the state by bus. Now a teenager, she reacts to depression or a flunked exam by going to the same bus terminal at night, picking up an older man and going off with him for two or three days.

That kind of psychological damage is rare. For some children, running off with the kidnaping parent seems little more than a puzzling adventure. Says Richard Galdston, a psychiatrist in Newton, Mass.: "For one child it might be exciting, for another a sign of how valued he is." But Chicago Child Psychiatrist Ner Littner thinks that between 10% and 40% of the kidnap victims become seriously disturbed, particularly those who have witnessed anger and violence in the home. Symptoms include sleeplessness, bed-wetting, fear of strangers and regression to infantile behavior. In at least one case, the child returned with the classic "hostage syndrome": a fearful respect for the kidnaping father and illogical anger at the mother for letting him be taken away. Clinical Psychologist Eugene Evans of Tucson is treating four small children who have been abducted and returned. Says he: "The common elements of their reactions are an intense clinging and an incredible fear. They are frightened that it will happen to them again." Evans says many children begin to think of themselves as prisoners of war. "There is a similar mechanism at work," he says. "When they are taken away, typically, there is some brainwashing going on about how horrible their other parent is."

Psychologist Minkoff

Angry parents in many cities have banded together to hire detectives and help prevent future kidnapings. Says Harold Miltsch, organizer of Rochester's Stop Parental Kidnaping: "I felt there had to be a cheaper way, a better way to find kids than what we went through." Arnold Miller of Washington, D.C., who located his son after a five-year search, founded Children's Rights, Inc., an organization that claims 90 chapters around the country, all cooperating to locate abducted children. Most of the work is done by parents who send out flyers and photos, or by detectives who work by phone or mail. Some of the parents hint that the groups have their own dirty-tricks departments. Andrew Yankwitt, a Long Island lawyer and general counsel for the Citizens League on Custody and Kidnaping, says simply: "There are ways." For a few of the groups, those ways reportedly include phone taps, opening others' mail and sending agents to re-kidnap the kidnap victim. Says one private detective who has "recovered" a kidnaped youngster: "The child is shocked five or ten minutes after the incident of recovery, and then everything is fine." For the custodial parent, perhaps. But for the child, it may be one more shocking event in an escalating war between parents. Says one adult, who was kidnaped and recovered 20 years ago: "After the trauma of the kidnaping and the second trauma of the recovery, you are never all right again. I still have a daily nightmare about it."

—By John Leo

MICKEY OSTERREICHER

John Ferry at home with his sons Ben, Brian and David

One more shocking event in the escalating wars of divorce.

Curing Ailing Industries

The air is full of suggestions for rebuilding the U.S.'s basic enterprises

Key segments of U.S. industry are critically ill, and their problems extend far beyond the current economic downturn. Washington agencies last week published reports on two of the nation's most basic businesses, and their conclusions were profoundly pessimistic. Items:

STEEL. After a three-year study, Congress's Office of Technology Assessment declared that unless domestic steel manufacturers receive federal aid, the U.S. will soon become as dependent on imported steel as it now is on OPEC oil. It recommended that steelmakers increase capital spending 50% over the next ten years to about $3 billion annually.

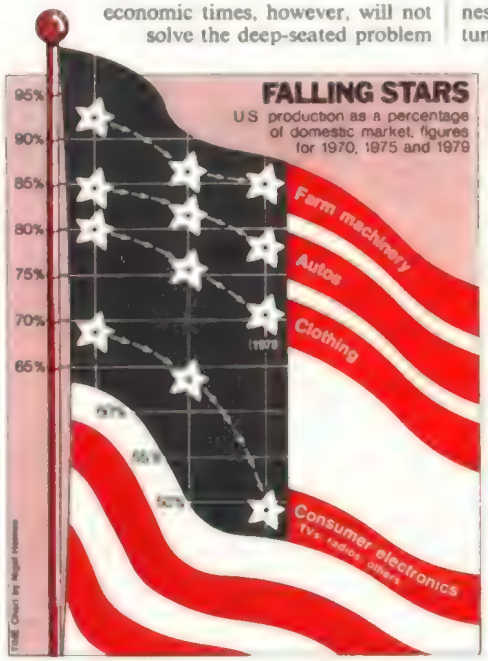
AUTOS. One day later Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt sent President Carter an options paper on the ailing auto industry, which this year has built an astonishing 30% fewer cars than in 1979. Among the recommendations: easing of safety and pollution rules, tax credits to help automen make the transition to smaller models and credit relief for dealers.

These proposed Government initiatives heightened the growing public debate over the decline of U.S. industry and the changes that will be needed to reverse the slide. In the past few months economists, academic study groups and politicians from nearly every point on the political spectrum have launched proposals for a national industrial plan or, as some analysts term it, a "reindustrialization" of America. The recommendations include massive federal tax cuts to stimulate economic redevelopment, establishment of new Government agencies for the reconstruction of industry and "social contracts" calling for a consensus on goals and rewards among Government, business and labor.

The debate has been given added urgency, of course, by the economy's distressing slump. Though figures released last week showed that the unemployment rate dropped in June, the decline was an insignificant .1%. The level remained high at 7.7%, and, perhaps most disturbing, the total number of working Americans went down by 450,000 for the month. Administration officials admitted that the recession was still spreading throughout the economy. New factory orders tumbled 2.6% in May, their fourth straight month of decline. The index of leading economic indicators, a barometer of future business trends, fell another 2.4% in May. But the decline was not as steep as April's appalling 4.1%, hinting that the economy's free fall of the past several months may be slowing.

Even so, the Carter Administration's priority, four months before the election, is now to slow the steep decline rather than to fight inflation. The Federal Reserve last week announced the end of the short-lived credit restraints imposed in March. The President plainly wants the public to perk up spending.

Even a future return to better economic times, however, will not solve the deep-seated problem of declining key U.S. industries. Automobiles, steel and rubber are all operating at Depression levels, plagued by aging plants, declining productivity, entrenched labor unions, restrictive Government regulations and fierce foreign competition. Highways and railroads, the vital infrastructure needed to transport goods, are badly deteriorated. In major industries like farm machinery and consumer electronics, foreign manufacturers have captured increasingly large shares of the U.S. market. America has fallen behind important world competitors, such as Japan and West Germany, in capital formation, saving and investment, spending on research and development, and growth in worker productivity.



Partly because the concept of industrial policy is rather vague, it is collecting an eclectic band of supporters. The Trilateral Commission, a high-powered group of American, European and Japanese leaders, has called for Government action to promote innovation and research, while at the same time protecting declining industries. The National Association of Manufacturers, representing bosses, and the AFL-CIO, representing workers, have both endorsed versions of the plan.

Industrial policy means very different things to its different supporters. For business leaders, it is an irresistible opportunity to preach yet again the virtues of investment tax incentives, an end to the double taxation of both corporate profits and dividends and elimination of burdensome Government regulations. For labor, industrial policy provides a rationale for job protection in declining industries and training programs in growing ones.

Industrial policy, though, contains a danger: far greater Government involvement in the economy. A key tenet for many supporters is that Government should foster those companies or industries that show the most potential. The idea is that Washington would pick out the most promising industrial sectors for the late '80s and '90s, such as microprocessors and telecommunications, and then, by means of tax policy and trade measures, encourage or cajole companies into those areas and away from declining industries like textiles.

The theory does not always work out, however, in practice. In Europe, it has led to projects like the British-French Concorde, the money-losing supersonic transport that has never found a viable market. Says Otto Eckstein, president of Data Resources Inc and a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "It's pretty clear that if we are going to have industrial policy in the U.S., it will back losers, not winners. The whole subject of industrial policy in Washington quickly degenerates into steel and oil."

To de-emphasize the Government's role in industrial policy, former White House Adviser Amitai Etzioni, a renowned sociologist, coined the word reindustrialization. That jawbreaker was given cachet by Syndicated Columnist Joseph Kraft and quickly became a favorite of Capitol Hill trendmakers.

Unlike most versions of industrial policy, reindustrialization requires little na-

tional economic planning. Instead, it would stimulate development of capital goods, transportation networks and defense industries through broad Government incentives, such as accelerated depreciation on business investment, tax laws to encourage savings and investment and capital for special national priority projects like synfuel development.

Etzioni's miracle drug has some painful side effects. He is calling for a decade of restraint in personal consumption and the redirection of national resources to halt productivity declines and reduce inflation. The ten-year cost: a stunning $6 trillion, or more than twice the current annual production of all goods and services in the U.S.

The provocative idea, nonetheless, has spawned a raft of strategies for reversing the nation's economic decay. Senator Edward Kennedy has called for an American Reindustrialization Corporation to promote new investment in business and technology. Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the Lazard Frères investment bank and chairman of New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation, advocates creation of a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with $5 billion for loans to failing cities like New York or slumping companies like Lockheed or Chrysler. Management Expert Peter Drucker wants to accelerate the change to computer-age companies and shrink traditional blue-collar employment.

The idea of either reindustrialization or a new industrial policy infuriates some observers. Says Yale Professor William Nordhaus, a former member of President Carter's Council of Economic Advisers: "Reindustrialization is a Hula Hoop. On a deeper level, it is a pernicious idea that basically calls for re-enforcing sick industries." Charles Willson, vice president for area development at Chicago's Continental Bank, says that Government-sponsored cures "don't address the question of capital formation in a really productive way."

Reindustrialization at present is "a slogan searching for substance," says Jerry Jasinowski, co-chairman of a Carter Administration task force examining ways to help American industry. He has a point. And in their search, policymakers should remember that the most important way to strengthen the nation's industry is to pursue fiscal and monetary policies that will create the stable, predictable and noninflationary climate in which businesses can flourish. —*By Alexander Taylor. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington*

Free Enterprise Oases

Nowhere is the need for reindustrialization more evident than in the nation's inner cities. Most of them, despite countless Government programs, have deteriorated from once thriving business and residential centers into devastated no man's lands. Now comes a novel approach to the problem: enterprise zones, or districts in the heart of blighted areas, where small firms would be given tax breaks and perhaps exempted from entangling Government regulations.

The idea is enshrined in the Urban Jobs and Enterprise Zone Act, proposed in June by two New York State Congressmen, Republican Jack Kemp of Buffalo and Democrat Robert Garcia of The Bronx. Under their bill, businesses putting down roots in, say, a square-mile section of Chicago's South Side, would receive a variety of reductions in capital gains and corporate income taxes. Local governments would also be obliged to contribute to the endeavor by reducing property taxes inside the zone by 5% annually for four years. In return, the firms would have to hire at least 50% of their company's work force from the local population. Part of the original plan was that the industrial zone would be dispensed from many heavy Government regulations, but Kemp felt that this was politically impossible. He still hopes to include it in future projects.

Kemp and Garcia: a plan to revive no man's land

The enterprise-zone concept originated in Britain through an unusual alliance of the left and the right. Peter Hall, former chairman of the socialist Fabian Society, wrote a pamphlet that inspired Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, to urge that it be tried. Despite strong opposition from the Labor Party, the Conservative government in April provided about $70 million for six enterprise districts in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Firms locating in the areas probably will pay no local taxes, receive immediate and full tax write-offs for capital investment and avoid some paper work, like that required for government training grants.

Previous federal projects to rebuild urban centers have usually been costly failures. Sponsors of this plan argue that it might just prove the simplest and best way to revitalize inner cities.

The Open Road

Carter keeps on truckin'

Jimmy Carter's drive to free the nation's transportation system from the octopus of federal regulation is rolling. Airlines were deregulated two years ago, and a bill to unfetter the railroads is expected to pass Congress later this summer. Last week the President put his signature on the Motor Carrier Act of 1980, which will begin dismantling 45 years of federal controls over the trucking industry. About 17,000 carriers, or 40% of the business, will be directly affected. The rest of the industry is unregulated because it hauls items not subject to controls, like unprocessed agricultural products, or because the trucks belong to private carriers such as department stores. The bill should stimulate competition by making it easier for new haulers to enter the field, relaxing restrictions on the commodities that can be hauled, eliminating circuitous routing and phasing out price fixing by 1984

In 1935 Congress gave the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to regulate the fledgling trucking business. But over the years, as the infant grew into a $108 billion-a-year leviathan, the agency produced some startlingly ludicrous anomalies. Agricultural haulers, for example, could carry milk but not yogurt or ice cream; truckers could move grain from farm to market but could not take animal feed back in their empty trucks. Reason: both milk and grain were exempt from ICC regulation as unprocessed commodities, whereas yogurt, ice cream and animal feed were regulated.

Perhaps the most damaging effect of ICC controls was that they hindered competition. Companies trying to obtain the right to haul goods between one state and another had to face costly and exhausting ICC hearings, where they were obliged to show that they would not hurt existing firms. Truckers already on the road naturally protested that they would suffer. Timothy Person, a black St. Louis mover of household goods, worked for nearly 30 years to have his company licensed to transport goods outside Missouri. Nine national carriers opposed him, but in February Person finally won a nationwide license.

Last week's action culminated a long and arduous political fight. Senator Edward Kennedy first began holding hearings almost three years ago about the possibility of freeing the industry from some ICC rules, and President Carter sent his bill to Congress on June 21, 1979. In an unusual display of accord, the two rivals both lobbied hard for the measure. But the Teamsters union and the American Trucking Associations fought it. The A.T.A. spent more than $1 million on a public relations campaign to convince legislators that deregulation would mean increased prices, wasted gasoline and decreased service to small towns.

The effects of the new law will probably be quickly evident. Industry officials expect a rash of mergers as inefficient outfits, no longer protected by artificially high rates, are shaken out. At the same time, these officials predict, many new haulers will soon open shop. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that consumers will eventually save $5 billion to $8 billion annually from lower rates. More efficient routing and the elimination of backhaul restrictions that forced truckers to make return trips empty should also result in fuel economies worth anywhere from 50 million to 164 million gal. per year. Like a well-executed triple play, trucking deregulation should help ease the nation's problems with inflation, excessive government regulation and energy. ■

Driver mounting his cab in Saugus, Mass.

Clearing away problems like a triple play.

Aerial Dogfight

Midway takes on the majors

The nation's airlines are already exhibiting some of the effects of deregulation that may eventually show up in the trucking industry. Like an army of gnats, regional and commuter airlines are swarming over travel routes that were once the exclusive preserves of such major airlines as TWA, Delta and United Feisty lilliputian lines are vying not only for the majors' abandoned routes but also for their profitable main intercity runs.

With bare-bones overhead and sharply discounted fares, some of the puddle jumpers are emerging as profitable winners. For example, while the giants were fighting over the Florida market last winter with costly promotional gimmicks, huge advertising campaigns and discounts to travel agents, tiny Air Florida ferried passengers for sharply reduced fares in planes that were 85% full. This contributed to earnings of $1.4 million from February through April, a period during which most majors had losses

Among the most successful new regional carriers is Chicago's Midway Airlines, launched last November in the nearly abandoned Midway Airport. The line promoted its proximity to downtown Chicago (eight miles from the Loop, *vs* 22 miles for competing O'Hare) with a pair of sexy, ruby red lips and the slogan "Kiss O'Hare Goodbye. Jet Midway Airlines." Many travelers did just that. In its first seven months, Midway flew 190,000 passengers and rang up $7.3 million in revenues

The K Mart of the skies, Midway takes the plain pipe rack approach to flights between Chicago and Detroit, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis and Washington. Founder and Chairman Irving Tague, 52, the former head of San Francisco–based Hughes AirWest, got the line aloft by leasing three ten-year-old DC-9 jets from TWA and daubing them with rainbow colors. Uniforms for flight attendants came off the peg rather than being designer-made. No meals are served aloft, yet drinks are a bargain at $1 each. Midway's nonunionized ticket agents cheerfully help load bags or straighten up the departure lounge when necessary. But the real attraction is the fares: 30% to 50% below normal coach rates.

The major lines, though, are beginning to take notice of the roaring mouse. When Midway announced $44 tickets between Chicago and Minneapolis, Northwest immediately cut its fare by as much as $52 to match the price, and taxied up four daily flights. ■

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Bankers in Burnooses

Cautious but well heeled, Arab moneymen enter world finance

Bankers still do not mention it in the same breath with Tokyo, Zurich, London or New York. But some day they may. Bahrain, a small Arabian Gulf island sheikdom off the oil-rich coast of Saudi Arabia, is rapidly becoming an important financial center. Since the 1973 quadrupling of petroleum prices, 120 banks, including such international giants as Bank of America, Citibank, Chase Manhattan and Bank of Tokyo, have opened offices in Bahrain to handle the gusher of oil money flowing into the Arab world.

What makes Bahrain so potentially significant is that Western banks no longer have a virtual monopoly on handling the huge surpluses that the members of OPEC regularly amass—as much as $117 billion this year alone. Instead, a new breed of Arab-owned banks is picking up an expanding percentage of the action. Though new to the game, some of these institutions are starting off with formidable monetary bases. Begun in 1977, Gulf International Bank has assembled assets of nearly $3 billion and is competing with the big U.S. financial institutions in loan underwriting. The newly founded Arab Banking Corp., a tripartite venture of Libya, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates, has a $1 billion capital base, equal to that of Manhattan's Bankers Trust, the tenth largest in the U.S.

Until the 1975-76 Lebanese civil war, Beirut was the Middle East's undisputed financial center. The fighting sent many Arab bankers fleeing to Bahrain or Europe, but now the shattered city is making a comeback. At least 85 domestic and foreign banks are operating there, twelve more than before the war.

Arab banks have also set up bases in Western money centers like Paris and London. On the elegant Champs Elysées, the National Bank of Abu Dhabi has taken over the former offices of Merrill Lynch. Near the Ritz Hotel on Place Vendôme, discreet brass plates in Arabic script announce the presence of Banque Arabe et Internationale d'Investissement. All told, 32 Arab-controlled banks now operate in Paris. Some of London's toniest locations are occupied by eleven Arab banks, including the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. With 45 branches scattered throughout the country, it is one of Britain's fastest-growing financial institutions.

While they have generally been welcomed in Europe, the Arabs managed to arouse considerable hostility by taking over fewer than a dozen relatively minor U.S. banks. The largest: Detroit's Bank of the Commonwealth, with assets of $1.1 billion. The main reason is that the Arabs have been unusually insensitive to community feelings and inept in selecting friends.

The most glaring case was Saudi Industrialist Ghaith Pharaon's ploy to hook up with the Georgia good-ole-boy network. The Saudi financier bought from President Carter's former Budget Director and confidant Bert Lance most of his shares in the National Bank of Georgia for $2.4 million, a price far above the market value; other Arab moneymen reportedly arranged a loan for Lance of about $3.5 million. In another case, a group of Arabs, led by a shadowy sheik named Kamal Adham, the former chief of Saudi internal intelligence, touched off a confusing imbroglio in Washington by trying to take over 55-year-old Financial General Bankshares Inc. With assets of $2.3 billion, the holding company owns a chain of twelve banks stretching from Tennessee to New York. After a proxy fight that ended in a narrow defeat for the Arabs, Bankshares' management felt compelled to negotiate an honorable surrender at a higher price. Later this month the Arabs are expected finally to gain control by paying about 14% more than their initial bid of $140 million.

Though their oil sales have given the Arabs the greatest transfer of wealth in world history, they have moved relatively slowly into banking. Considering the complexity and high risks involved in modern international finance, they acted with commendable prudence. As the first petrodollars began to flood in, almost no Arab monetary agencies knew how to protect their new-found riches from the ravages of inflation. Many of the top moneymen had scant training for their high posts. Hence the Arab officials wisely turned to sure things: U.S. Treasury bills and mammoth deposits in the big international American and British banks.

The Arabs quickly realized, however, that they could learn about banking and also earn a better return on their investments if they linked up with established financial institutions. Starting about 1976, a number of partnerships were created, including the Saudi International Bank, Union des Banques Arabes et Françaises and the European Arab Bank. At the same time, Morgan Guaranty, Citibank and Chase Manhattan launched joint ventures with Middle East moneymen and began teaching scores of young Arabs complex arts like organizing loan syndicates on the Eurodollar market.

Munir Haddad of London's Dresdner Bank (top) and the National Bank of Abu Dhabi in Paris

"The Arabs lack self-confidence and are still afraid of burning their fingers."

A decisive push toward an independent role for Arab banking came as a result of one jarring development: the U.S. freezing of Iranian assets last November, following the seizure of the American hostages at the U.S. embassy in Tehran. The action forced Arabs to recognize the unsettling fact that their deposits in American banks might also one day be frozen. Says Serat Al-Baker, an executive with the Kuwait International Investment Co.: "The investment world can no longer ever be the same as it was before the freeze. No depositor will ever again be quite as confident about putting his money in banks vulnerable to similar action by the U.S. or any other government."

Despite such fears, an estimated 90% of the 115 billion petrodollars now on de-

posit throughout the world remain in Western or Japanese banks. Only about $12 billion has been transferred to Arab-controlled financial institutions. Concedes Bashir Zuheri, Syrian general manager of the London-based European Arab Bank: "The oil-exporting countries still have more confidence in American and European banks than they do in Arab ones."

A main barrier facing Arab bankers remains the lack of well-trained people. The investment of Arabian Gulf money has largely been in the hands of able expatriates, like Khaled Abu Saoud in Kuwait or Abdul Kadir al-Kadi in Qatar, both Palestinians. In many other countries experienced Western bankers still hold top managerial posts, although they are being gradually replaced by Arabs. In the fiercely competitive business of recycling petrodollars into high-yield loans in Eurodollar markets, Arab banks remain novices. "The Arabs lack self-confidence and are still afraid of burning their fingers," declares Munir Haddad, a Lebanese who is an adviser to West Germany's Dresdner Bank.

Certainly the Arabs are extremely cautious. The governmental monetary authorities, which act as central banks and receive the oil income, are archconservative investors. They place their huge caches, up to $300 million a week for Saudi Arabia, in only the bluest of blue chips and the soundest of banks. By contrast, private Arab investors, notably the sons of the ruling families and super-rich entrepreneurs, are the main backers of the new commercial banks. If these new banks succeed, and the chances are good that they will, many international financiers expect a change in official Arab financial policy. Arab banks would then receive a growing percentage of the ever increasing OPEC surplus, and thus would immediately gain greater influence in world banking.

Understandably, this scenario causes some concern. The world's main experience of unified Arab economic operations is OPEC, whose rapid price increases have created the chaos and inflation that its members profess they are seeking to avoid.

Arab banking is unlikely to be as disruptive. In contrast to OPEC, some of whose members are antagonistic toward the West, Arab bankers are, for the most part, dedicated to doing business within the existing financial framework, where most of them learned their trade and have long worked. Khaled Abu Saoud, chief financial adviser to the Emir of Kuwait, told TIME's Beirut bureau chief, William Stewart, "No banking system in the Arab world could operate without the cooperation of the present international system." If he is right, those are heartening words for the West. With their vast holdings, these new Arab bankers could be agents of greater international cooperation—or further dangerous division. ■

Aladdin's Rub

Stocks for best of friends

The two most valued words at NBC are "He-e-e-re's Johnny!" No wonder, since Johnny Carson's *Tonight* show brings the network $90 million a year in advertising revenues. It does come as some surprise, however, that the mere mention of Host Carson's name can also affect the stock market. Last week a few of Carson's friends and relatives were caught in an embarrassing, illegal stock ploy to capitalize on inside information about the entertainer's participation in a Las Vegas casino deal.

The Carsons: Johnny kisses, but Joanna told

Spreading good news at the health club.

Though accused of no wrongdoing, in the middle of the affair was Carson's third wife Joanna. According to a suit filed by the Securities and Exchange Commission, she sat in for part of a meeting last Oct. 22 between her husband and Andrew Frankel, chairman of National Kinney Corp., a New York parking garage and real estate development firm. The subject was the proposed purchase of the Aladdin Hotel by National Kinney. Under an agreement that was to be announced two days later, Carson and Kinney planned to rename the property Johnny Carson's Aladdin Hotel. He would make all his Las Vegas appearances there in return for 500,000 shares of National Kinney stock, then worth about $2 million.

Two hours after the session, Joanna Carson was at the Beverly Hills Health Club for Women. From there she phoned her brother Peter Ulrich in West Seneca, N.Y., and told him about the casino plan. Ulrich quickly bought 2,000 shares of National Kinney, which he sold over the next three months, after the Aladdin-Carson announcement, at a $4,228 profit. Joanna Carson also told Emily Johns, the health club's membership sales director, who bought 1,000 shares of National Kinney the next morning and sold them several days later for a $1,260 gain.

Other Carson cronies also spread the good news. The wife of Carson's attorney, Henry I. Bushkin, known to *Tonight* fans as "Bombastic" Bushkin, told her father Max Beck, who bought 5,000 shares and netted a $4,496 profit. Frederic J. Freed, a law associate of Bushkin's, bought 4,000 shares in his father-in-law's name and later sold them for a $4,980 gain.

The Securities and Exchange Commission became curious about National Kinney after learning that the number of its shares traded on the American Stock Exchange had precipitously jumped from an average 7,000 a day to over 100,000 daily for a while. Investigators obtained a list of traders, and the trail led to Joanna Carson and the others. Under terms of a settlement with the SEC, the four insiders must turn over their profits to the original stock owners. ■

Pep for Plants

Bigger shoots from Seltzer?

Whether they are pushing Perrier, Poland Spring or 2¢ plain, the highly competitive purveyors of bottled water rarely miss a trick. Now A.J. Canfield Co. has a new client for its bottled Natural Seltzer Water. Reads the back of the label: "An excellent water for all houseplants." In a chorus of ads on Midwestern television and radio stations, Canfield proclaims the wonders of Natural Seltzer when administered to a patient like that limping rubber tree in the corner. Rhapsodizes Vice President Alan Canfield Jr.: "When you water plants with our product, you're giving them food and you're giving their soil a new lease on life."

Carbon dioxide is a raw material for plant growth, and Canfield contends that sprinkling household vegetation with his Natural Seltzer can produce shoots up to 50% larger than those watered from the tap. He recommends the Seltzer treatment about three times a month and sternly warns against using club soda or other effervescent mixers on a favored philodendron. The reason, the other soft drinks contain salt, which in excessive amounts could harm potted pets

Though scientific evidence to support Canfield's claims is scant, plant pamperers seem to believe them. At the 10,000 stores in six Midwestern states where Natural Seltzer is sold, sales have grown 40% since the pop-for-plants campaign began. One Glenwood, Ill., woman is so enthusiastic about Natural Seltzer that she wrote asking where she could buy the water in 55-gal. drums. The firm is considering a slightly larger-size bottle, but nothing quite that big ■

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Living

Food, a Fire and a Little Quiet

And much more too at sumptuous small hotels

The lobby is hushed. No clutter of gaudy valises. No flurry of conventioneers. No signs. No bells. The guests are greeted by name by a concierge at a Queen Anne escritoire. In their suite they find that the staff not only has left them the usual basket of fruit but has also remembered their taste for violets, which are in a Baccarat bowl, and Degas prints. Returning after dinner, they find that the triple-sheeted bed has been turned down, with Godiva mints set on the pillow and a small bottle of cognac on the night table. Before retiring they put their shoes outside the door; the valet will, of course, polish them overnight

Such are the personal touches and discreet comforts of a well-managed small hotel. Establishments like these have flourished for years in Europe, while in the U.S., land of computer-run colossi built for a badge-and-bottle clientele and crammed with more than 2,000 rooms, the list of truly first-class, intimate hotels has long been woefully short.

There is, of course, Manhattan's 175-room Carlyle, where a regular patron's tastes—in marmalade or Matisse—are faithfully recorded and indulged on each visit. San Diego's 223-room Westgate will summon private butlers if desired. New Orleans offers the 100-room, family-run Pontchartrain Hotel, with one of the country's best creole restaurants. Boston's pride is the 257-room Ritz-Carlton, where a houseman will lay a fire in one's suite to soften the shock of a New England winter.

The good news for sophisticated, affluent American travelers is that the increasing success of these oases of Old World–style (their occupancy rates are well above the hotel industry's average of 69%) has spurred a boom in new and refurbished hostelries with de-luxe accommodations for just a few hundred guests. "Americans have come of age," says Philip Pistilli, proprietor of the five-year-old, 124-room Raphael in Kansas City and its namesake in Chicago. "They now want style and service. The message of the small hotel is individual care of people."

Lobby of Chicago's Tremont evokes an English manor

In Washington that word is being carried by three flourishing establishments: the Dolley Madison, a 44-room addition to the Madison hotel opened in 1978 to provide all the comforts "of a tastefully appointed town mansion," including bidets and well-stocked private bars; the Fairfax, a venerable Embassy Row fixture whose 165 rooms and federal-style lobby were renovated last year at a cost of some $7 million; and the red brick, 208-room Four Seasons in Georgetown, which proffers afternoon tea and, according to its brochure, a morning calm broken "only by an occasional jogging Senator."

In Chicago the antique-filled Tremont and Whitehall, both with fewer than 230 rooms and opened within the past six years, are doing so well that there is plenty of business left over for two newcomers, the year-old Raphael and the Mayfair Regent, due to open this fall. Chicago Hotelier John Coleman, who owns the Tremont, the Whitehall and Washington's Fairfax and is renovat-

ing Manhattan's Navarro for a fall reopening, has a simple guiding philosophy: make the well-heeled traveler "feel at home."

That is also the approach being taken by the Hunt family of Texas, whose elegant 145-room mansion on Turtle Creek will open in Dallas next February; its restaurant will be managed by veterans of Manhattan's famed "21" Club. In Los Angeles the 117-suite L'Ermitage, completed in 1976 at a cost of $12 million, is drawing trade away from the Beverly Hilton and other giants, with amenities that include a Jacuzzi whirlpool filled with mineral water and free transportation around town by Rolls-Royce

Even the large hotel chains are checking into the small-hotel business. Hyatt Hotels' 225-room Park Hyatt will open on Chicago's "Magnificent Mile" next fall, replete with a tea salon and, in place of the conventional convention hall, a velvet-paneled library. Marriott has franchised the 228-room Galvez in Galveston, Texas, a once splendid Spanish-style hotel that was bought in 1978 by Houston Heart Surgeon Denton Cooley and a partner for $1.75 million. After a $10 million restoration, the Galvez is poised to reclaim its title as "Queen of the Gulf."

The cosseting, cuisine and décor at these hotels do not come at Holiday Inn prices. A single room or the most modest double starts around $70 to $100 a night, depending on the hotel; suites can go as high as $400 or, in the case of L'Ermitage, $675. But the premium hotels' rates, which seemed Himalayan before inflation began to loop up in the past few years, are no longer out of line with what the better chains charge: an average of about $75 a night for a single at the Hiltons in New York City and Los Angeles

When it comes to service and style, the mass (as opposed to class) hotels barely provide what Ralph Waldo Emerson thought was the minimum for a worthy inn: " . . . a little fire, a little food, and an immense quiet." Many of the small hotels, on the other hand, feature décors that may include a Velásquez in the lobby (San Diego's Westgate) or enough brass to occupy a full-time polisher (Washington's Fairfax), plus fine restaurants, valets who will return a pressed suit in 30 minutes and arrangements with local tradesmen to provide books and other items at any hour. The Pontchartrain will shop for a guest who has forgotten to pack the essential black tie. The Westgate can provide a stenographer for dictation at midnight. The Carlyle will soon offer worldwide direct-dial phones for international *hommes des affaires*

Luxurious extras (right) provided by managers of Washington's Fairfax

But the prime mover, the *sine qua non*, the matchless major and minor domo on which the virtues of these hotels depend is the concierge, one of Europe's most civilized creations. At the Westgate the incumbent is Salima Din, the daughter of a Nairobi hotelier, known to clients as Lady Westgate. Din can get a guest anything from a baby sitter to a barber to a gift-wrapped breakfast in bed; she has installed elaborate stereo equipment in a suite for Sammy Davis Jr., rustled up a British visa in two hours for a Saudi prince. She can perform these feats in Spanish, German, French, Swahili and several Indian languages. Jack Nargil, head concierge at Washington's Four Seasons, tries to anticipate his patrons' needs by referring to detailed dossiers compiled at check-in —"almost a biography," says one frequent guest, who even frets that the ceremony is perhaps "a little overdone." In the course of duty, Nargil has conjured up an Easter basket at 2 a.m. on Easter morning and prepared a detailed route map for visiting joggers.

"The concierge does everything," explains Nargil's associate Karina Wilkey. "If a guest asks for a pink elephant, you get him a pink elephant." That attitude might or might not have pleased Emerson, but it does help achieve what Pontchartrain Proprietor Albert Aschaffenburg considers to be the mission of the mini-hotel. Says he: "We try to make our guest something more than a number on the door." —*By Claudia Wallis*

The Westgate's concierge, Salima Din, and its lavish Presidential Suite

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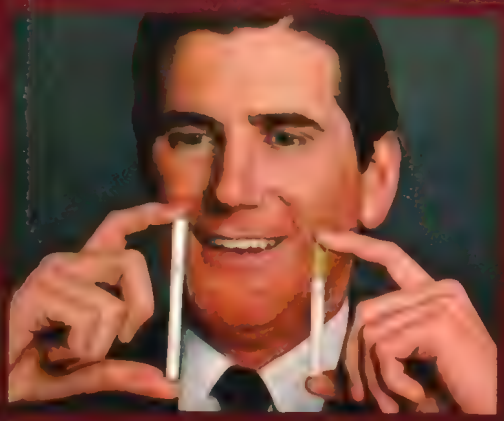

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Walker Percy: Making a preposterous coming-together as plausible as a handshake

Blues in the New South

THE SECOND COMING *by Walker Percy; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95*

The perception that the world gets crazier every day is not particularly new. It may not even be true. But the diverse people who hold this view have one thing in common: a good deal of spare time in which to muse. Novelist Walker Percy, 64, has made such free-floating contemplatives his trademark. From *The Moviegoer* (1961) on, his heroes have been thinking animals, unencumbered by the routines and demands of daily life. They are either feckless or rich.

The hero of *The Second Coming*, Percy's fifth novel, is emphatically both. Will Barrett is a middle-aged version of the younger character who starred in *The Last Gentleman*. He has inherited a fortune ("About 50 or 60 million," he guesses) from his late wife Marion. Retired early from his Wall Street law practice, he lives on his 10,000 mountainous acres in North Carolina, dabbles in his wife's philanthropies and plays a lot of golf. On the links, he has lately developed a nasty slice and the habit of blacking out and falling down. The problem is neurological, and something more. Percy writes: "There stands Will Barrett on the edge of a gorge in old Carolina, a talented agreeable wealthy man living in as pleasant an environment as one can imagine and yet who is thinking of putting a bullet in his brain."

Will's despair can be traced in part to a trick of memory. He realizes suddenly that the hunting accident he was involved in as a young boy was no such thing. His father, a thunderous Mississippian straight out of Faulkner, had vainly tried to kill both Will and himself. A later attempt at suicide succeeded, spurring Will to set out on a path as unlike his father's as possible: "God, just to get away from all that and live an ordinary mild mercantile money-making life, do mild sailing, mild poodle-walking, mild music-loving among mild good-natured folks." He sees now that "his little Yankee life had not worked after all," that his father tried to shoot him out of mercy rather than cruelty. The question posed by the old man's suicide remains unanswered; surrounded by physical comforts and loving friends, Will cannot find a reason to go on living.

Absolutist that he is, he devises a plan "to settle the question of God once and for all." He will go into a labyrinthian mountain cave and simply sit until he receives a sign. What he gets instead is a toothache, which drives him out of hiding and into the care of Allison, a young schizophrenic who has escaped from a sanitarium and is living in a greenhouse right beneath the cave. Emerging from his vigil, Will Barrett goes through the glass roof and literally falls in love.

Percy makes this preposterous coming-together seem as natural and plausible as a handshake on the street. In all of its many convolutions, *The Second Coming* is a meticulously crafted narrative, unobtrusively folding the distant past into a busy present. Nobody writes about the New South of condominiums, shopping centers and doubleknits with more authority than Percy. Will meets a man who is about to sell his house in Georgia. He will then retire to the newfangled splendors of Carolina and "begin a new life in his garden home in Emerald Isle Estates, watch Monday-night football, do isometrics in the family room, drive to Highlands with his wife to attend Miami-style auctions." This milieu is perfect for pleasant shallow people like the young jumpsuited minister who invites Will to an ecumenical religious retreat: "A weekend with God in a wonderful setting . . . That's the bottom line."

With remarks like that assailing him from all sides, no wonder Will goes crazy. Or does he? Percy writes that he "went mad" upon deciding to enter the cave, but the point is then oddly hedged: "This is how crazy he was. He had become convinced that the Last Days were at hand, that the world had fallen into the hands of the only species which knew how to destroy itself along with all other living creatures on earth, that whenever in history this species had invented a weapon, it had forthwith used it . . ." The list continues, building a case against mankind that is

Excerpt

"There were three shells on the quilt of the Negro cabin where he was lying. The Negro boy had brought them, and even the one dead quail, and put them on the bed beside him. Some guide. What guide would retrieve empty shotgun shells? The Negro woman wiped the blood from his face with the clean damp rag. 'You ain't hurt bad. You just lay there until the high sheriff comes.' The room smelled of kerosene and flour paste. Fresh newspapers covered the walls. She leaned over him. The movement of the rag against his cheek and lip was quick and firm but did not hurt. 'Your daddy be all right. Ain't nothing wrong the good Lord cain't fix,' the woman said. He turned away impatiently. 'Where's the shotgun?' The Greener lay on the other side of him. The guide had found it and brought it back. He broke the breech. There was a single shell in the right barrel.

Yet only now, thirty years later, did he do the arithmetic. One shell for the quail, two for me, and one for you . . .

To his surprise . . . a strange gaiety took hold of him. Something rose in his throat. What? Laughter. He laughed out loud."

Clearing the Nation's Air

What the chemical industry is doing to help clean up the air you breathe

The chemical industry was taking steps to prevent pollution long before most of the nation recognized the need for action. Today, almost all of our industry's plants meet or exceed Environmental Protection Agency clean air requirements. But we're not stopping there. Here are some of the actions we're taking to help America breathe easier:

1. Committing billions to clean up

The chemical industry is investing more than any other U.S. manufacturing industry in fighting pollution, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Since 1976, we have doubled our investment in air pollution control equipment. By the end of 1979, this commitment exceeded $2.6 billion. We are also investing millions of dollars in environmental research. The expenditures for one research program alone are expected to exceed $9 million by the end of 1980.

2. Upgrading plants and processes

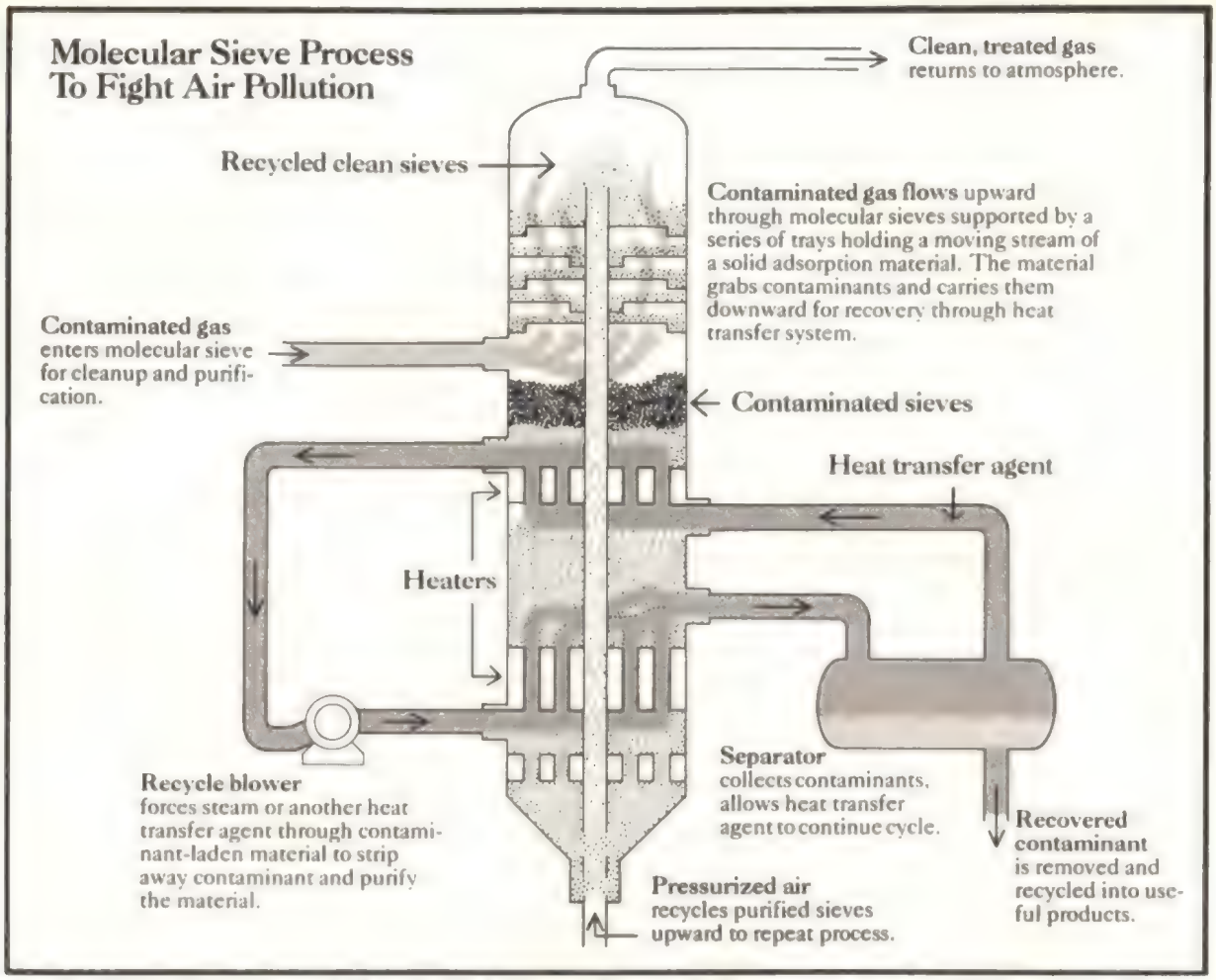
The chemical industry is working hard to make sure its plants and manufacturing processes do not produce emissions that cause harmful pollution. New plant construction includes sophisticated operating equipment and technology. Older, existing plants are being refitted with additional equipment to improve emission control and meet environmental requirements. Through industry research and technology, we continue to develop sophisticated methods to capture and recycle emissions to create useful raw materials from potential pollutants.

3. Trapping particulates more effectively

Some chemical companies use "scrubbers" to help keep contaminants from escaping into the atmosphere. For example, a scrubber at one company helps trap more than 1,300 tons of particulate sulphur each year. Other companies use electrostatic precipitators to help reduce fly ash emissions by nearly 100 percent. Still other companies use "baghouses," which operate like household vacuum cleaners, to keep dusts and solid particles from contaminating the air.

4. Capturing vapors with new technology

Research is helping us find new and better ways to trap and control gaseous wastes before they can escape into the atmosphere. For example: a highly specialized molecular sieve recovers waste sulfur dioxide from the vent gas of sulfuric acid plants for recycling into the acid-making process. Special incinerators help control odorous gases. We've created compounds which can trap specific kinds of pollutant molecules. We've



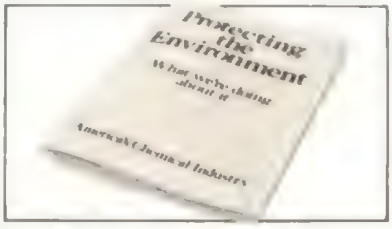
To help improve our nation's air quality, America's chemical industry is using equipment ranging from simple wet scrubbers to highly sophisticated molecular sieves to remove solids, vapors, and odors.

also developed a "double adsorption" system that sends gases back through adsorption towers for a second cleansing.

5. Getting more employees involved

The chemical industry already has more than 10,000 employees whose sole job is to operate, maintain and monitor pollution control equipment. And we keep adding to this number each year. At one facility, employee programs encouraged ideas which helped eliminate 75,000 tons of air pollutants each year. Some companies have mobile environmental laboratories traveling the countryside to sniff out air emissions and pinpoint the source.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. DT-07, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.



America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

hard to refute. Will's convictions may be overheated, but they are not insane.

The suspicion mounts that Percy is secretly on Will's side. This is unfortunate, because the character has some serious, unacknowledged flaws. He is remarkably cold to those around him; he goes into the cave shortly before his daughter's wedding and worries not a whit about missing it. Evidence for his sense of moral superiority is not provided. He rants at unconscionable length, a voice crying out not in the wilderness but on the golf course or in his Mercedes. The effect of his diatribes is peculiar, as if Swift had put his most acid criticisms of society in the mouth of a Yahoo.

The novel survives the weakness of its hero because Percy is as genial and humane as Will is obsessed. While the character castigates the world, his creator renders it with loving care. *The Second Coming* engages the senses as well as the mind, hectoring sometimes, but entertaining all the way. *—By Paul Gray*

Star-Crossed

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS
by Shirley Hazzard
Viking; 337 pages; $11.95

"Venus can blot out the sun," the heroine of *The Transit of Venus* cries out, racked by her unremitting passion for a man who repeatedly abandons her. Astronomically, the observation is inaccurate. Still, there can be no doubt that Shirley Hazzard's *Venus* has eclipsed other recent efforts to illuminate the unending agonies of obsessive love. "The tragedy is not that love doesn't last," says another of the novel's sufferers. "The tragedy is the love that lasts."

Venus has the oddly elusive flavor of a 19th century novel. The two central characters, seemingly so genteel, are an unlikely pair to wash up on the wilder shores of love. Grace and Caro Bell are sisters, beautiful and well-bred, with neither property nor prospects. Orphaned young in their native Australia, they emigrate to England in their early 20s, accompanied by their half-sister Dora, who is both incubus and guardian. To the touch, the girls' surface is all coolness; the heat seems to have been drawn out of them during their struggle against Dora's ravenous self-love.

Among Hazzard's many strengths as a novelist, none is more dazzling than her ability to display the inner world of her characters in a few lines of lucid, supple, periodic prose. In Grace and Caro, "a vein of instinct sanity opened and flowed: a warning that every lie must be redeemed in the end ... In their esteem for dispassion they began to yearn, perverse and unknowing, towards some strength that would, in turn, disturb that equilibrium and sweep them to higher ground."

Hazzard's sense of place is equally unerring. Born in Australia and currently dividing her time between Capri and New York City, she selected Italian backgrounds for her two earlier novels, *The Evening of the Holiday* and *The Bay of Noon*, and for several of her short stories. Even more pungent and persuasive, however, are her evocations of Australia and of English middle-class society in *The Transit of Venus*. Of Grace and Caro's Australia, Hazzard writes: "To appear without gloves, or in other ways suggest the flesh, to so much as show unguarded love, was to be pitchforked into brutish, bottomless Australia, all the way back to primitive man. Refinement was a frail construction continually dashed by waves of a raw, reminding humanity."

In flight from this barbarism, the two sisters alight at an English country house in the early 1950s. Grace soon slips into a conventional marriage. More independent, Caro aspires to a career in a government office. But when two men enter into Caro's orbit, they create a conjunction that would dismay an astrologer. The first, Ted Tice, becomes obsessed by Caro. He sees his attachment as an "intensification of his strongest qualities, if not of his strengths: not a youthful adventure, fresh and tentative, but a gauge of all effort, joy, and suffering known or imagined. The possibility that he might never, in a lifetime, arouse her love in return was a discovery touching all existence. In his desire and foreboding, he was like a man awake who watches a woman sleeping."

Shirley Hazzard
Illuminating the agonies of obsessive love.

Hazzard does equally well describing Paul Ivory, who becomes the undeserving object of Caro's lifelong love. "In its subtlety and confidence Paul's physical beauty, like his character, suggested technique. As some fine portrait might be underpainted dark where it showed light, or light where dark, so might Paul Ivory be subliminally cold where warm, warm where cold ... Similarly, his limbs might seem the instruments or weapons of grace rather than its simple evidence. Paul's attenuated fingers turned up at their tips with extreme sensitivity, as if testing a surface for heat."

The fastidious Caro, who has up to now recoiled from physical contact, makes love with Paul, at once and without reserve. It was a "suspension of will," that was itself "deeply willed." The act takes place at Avebury Circle, the prehistoric site in southern England, consisting of a ceremonial circle of boulders, much like nearby Stonehenge. The similarity may offer a clue to Hazzard's literary lineage, one of several she has scattered throughout her book as moral points of reference. For Hazzard seems to be recalling the last scene in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, following Tess's crime of passion. Fleeing to Stonehenge, Tess lies down upon the "stone altar" as her beloved Angel kneels beside her. In the Hardy novel the altar at Stonehenge works as a potent metaphor for a woman's martyrdom and apotheosis in the name of love. Hazzard evidently means her image to do the same.

Later in her book, Hazzard pays more direct homage to Hardy. A decade after Caro's encounter at Avebury Circle, when she is married to someone else, she comes across a poem of Hardy's, and weeps:

Primaeval rocks form the road's steep border,
And much have they faced there, first and last,
Of the transitory in Earth's long order;
But what they record in colour and cast
Is—that we two passed.

The Transit of Venus is constructed like a journey. Caro's passage through life —Sydney, New York, London and Stockholm—is charted in terms of the detours she takes around her passion for Paul. When her attachment to Paul ends, she moves on to meet Ted Tice's old "desire and foreboding" in a final flight that is doomed, as are all Hazzard's voyages of love.

Only Grace stays put, confined by marriage to a lecher as priggish as any who ever appeared in 19th century English fiction. The story of her breakout is a masterly set piece. Unlike Caro, who made love among the megaliths, Grace touches hands with her physician-lover as they examine her son's X rays. Their unconsummated affair is mired in the

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the Datsun myth:

Plymouth Horizon preferred overall to Datsun 510 41 to 9.

June 23-24, 1980. Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc. invited 50 people from Los Angeles in the market for imports to compare Plymouth Horizon and Datsun 510 4-door hatchbacks. After driving and riding in both cars for over an hour and comparing them in 30 categories (listed below) all made their personal evaluations. Their overwhelming choice overall was Horizon 41 to Datsun 9. These scores in this comparison tell a convincing story of the front-wheel-drive Plymouth Horizon's superiority over Datsun 510. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer	
Styling	**Plymouth Horizon**	**Datsun 510**
Front End	27	23
Profile	26	24
Rear End	22	28
Overall Exterior	23	27
Seat Appearance	37	13
Instrument Panel	27	23
Door Trim	35	15
Carpeting	35	15
Overall Interior	33	17
Drive		
Driving Ease	39	11
Cornering	39	11
Acceleration	34	16
Pickup/Passing	34	16
Transmission Smoothness	38	12
Braking Ability	41	9
Windshield Washer Operation	35	15

	Prefer	
Convenience	**Plymouth Horizon**	**Datsun 510**
Door Handle Operation	32	18
Glove Box Capacity	25	25
Window/Door Lock Control	34	16
Ashtrays	36	13*
Interior Lighting	33	17
Front Room	45	4*
Rear Room	43	7
Ease of Entry/Exit	44	6
Luggage Capacity	26	24
Ride		
Smoothness	36	14
Steadiness	43	7
Quietness	41	9
Seating Comfort	44	6
Overall Riding Comfort	45	5
OVERALL PREFERENCE	**41**	**9**

*No preference – 1

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

mundane; yet, the couple perceive their encounter as grand passion. Concludes the doctor: "It was like Paolo and Francesca." Still, when Grace's children and even her appalling husband renew their claims on her, she lets her lover go. "Grace ... forty-three years old, stood silent in a hotel doorway in her worn blue coat and looked at the cars and the stars, with the roar of existence in her ears. And like any great poet or tragic sovereign of antiquity, cried on her Creator and wondered how long she must remain on such an earth." Venus had once again completed its transit. —*By Patricia Blake*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Gentle Occupation, *Dirk Bogarde* • Falling in Place, *Ann Beattie* • Finding a Girl in America, *Andre Dubus* • Doctor Fischer of Geneva or the Bomb Party, *Graham Greene* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Preparations for the Ascent, *Gilbert Rogin* • Rough Strife, *Lynne Sharon Schwartz*

NONFICTION: China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* • Heartsounds, *Martha Weinman Lear* • Laughing in the Hills, *Bill Barich* • Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook* The Oak and the Calf, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn* • Thirty Seconds, *Michael J. Arlen* • War Within and Without, *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (2 last week)*
2. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (4)*
3. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (1)*
4. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (7)*
5. Random Winds, *Plain (3)*
6. The Ninja, *Lustbader (10)*
7. Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch (8)*
8. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (5)*
9. No Love Lost, *Van Slyke*
10. Solo, *Higgins*

NONFICTION

1. The Real War, *Nixon (5)*
2. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (2)*
3. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (6)*
4. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (1)*
5. Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx (10)*
6. Will, *Liddy (7)*
7. The Third Wave, *Toffler (9)*
8. Men in Love, *Friday (4)*
9. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (8)*
10. Nothing Down, *Allen (3)*

Computed by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores

A Man of Two Cultures

C.P. Snow: 1905-1980

"I'm a fairly clever chap and can put my hand to things," C.P. Snow liked to say. The self-appraisal was a classic of good British understatement. Snow put his hand to a stunning variety of things. He was a novelist, essayist, biographer, physicist, playwright, civil servant, company director, government official, Member of Parliament, teacher and public lecturer. His death last week at age 74 brought to an end not one life but many.

Snow's distinguished careers began in modest circumstances; he championed ambition and meritocracy because he was

Charles Percy Snow

Championing ambition and meritocracy.

the successful product of both. He was born in the industrial city of Leicester, the son of a clerk in a shoe factory. His family, as he often remarked later, was "shabby genteel, not working class but no money to spare." The boy gave signs early on that lower-middle-class neighborhoods would not hold him long. He showed an aptitude for science, a field he took up because his grammar school offered no arts courses. He won a scholarship to Leicester University College, took first-class honors in chemistry and was asked to stay on for research. After earning a master's degree in physics, he ascended from his red brick university to the intellectual heights of Cambridge.

Judged one of the promising young men in British science, Snow knew that he lacked the scientist's "single-minded devotion" and that he really wanted to write novels. He published his first, a mystery, in 1932 and continued writing fiction throughout the decade. He also branched into administrative work. The Royal Society asked him to help organize and mobilize scientists for the coming war; when the Ministry of Labor assumed this task, Snow became a civil servant. After World War II he was named a civil service commissioner and charged with evaluating the best and the brightest young graduates applying for admission. Such power not only exhilarated him, it amplified the major theme of his fiction.

"Strangers and Brothers," a sequence of eleven novels that appeared between 1940 and 1970, is a massive portrait of the men who make things work in England. Its protagonist, Lewis Eliot, follows a path very similar to Snow's; he rises from humble origins to prominence in the fields of science, education and government. He is both a participant in important decisions and a careful observer of those who wield and seek influence. Snow's abiding interest in such industrious achievers left him well behind modernism; he wrote about men in public roles at a time when most serious fiction was burrowing ever deeper down the rabbit hole of self. Critics complained, irrelevantly, that Snow was not Proust and, accurately, that his prose was often pedestrian and awkward. While he never pretended to be an elegant stylist, Snow had an ear for the telling phrase; two of the titles he coined for the "Strangers and Brothers" series, *The New Men* and *Corridors of Power*, quickly became common currency.

So, dramatically, did "The Two Cultures," the title of a 1959 Cambridge lecture. Snow decried the willful ignorance of humanists about science and the chasm between arts and technology. The speech drew worldwide attention, including a scathing *ad hominem* attack by Cambridge Don F.R. Leavis. Snow's argument no longer seems controversial because it has been so generally accepted: it is important for humanists and everyone else to know what scientists are doing.

Polemics did not ruffle Snow. Tall, portly and bald, he remained a genial, accessible figure in London's streets and clubs. He lived quietly with Novelist Pamela Hansford Johnson, whom he married in 1950, and openly relished the honors that rained down on him. He was made a life peer by the Labor government of Harold Wilson in 1964. Although the practice was uncommon in such circumstances, Lord Snow took out a coat of arms. The design bridged the two cultures, showing two quill pens crossed over a telescope. It also included two Siamese cats, his favorite breed, and a Latin motto that can stand as his epitaph: *Aut inveniam viam aut faciam*—I shall either find a way or make one. ■

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the Toyota myth:

Plymouth TC3 preferred overall to Toyota Corolla 34 to 16.

June 21-22, 1980. A test panel of 50 men and women in the market for imports compared Plymouth TC3 to one of the most popular imports—the Corolla Sport Coupe. Both cars were compared in various categories (listed below) and driven over a 2.4-mile route in Los Angeles with a variety of road surfaces, curves and contours. Based on their evaluations, TC3 was preferred overall 34 to 16. Once again, a front-wheel-drive Plymouth got higher scores than a leading import. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer	
Styling	**Plymouth TC3**	**Toyota Corolla Sport Coupe**
Front End	37	13
Profile	32	18
Rear End	39	11
Overall Exterior	36	14
Seat Appearance	41	9
Instrument Panel	28	22
Door Trim	39	11
Carpeting	42	8
Overall Interior	35	15
Drive		
Driving Ease	28	22
Cornering	23	27
Acceleration	27	23
Pickup/Passing	26	24
Transmission Smoothness	32	18
Braking Ability	27	23
Windshield Washer Operation	39	11

	Prefer	
Convenience	**Plymouth TC3**	**Toyota Corolla Sport Coupe**
Door Handle Operation	39	11
Glove Box Capacity	37	13
Window/Door Lock Control	36	14
Ashtrays	42	8
Interior Lighting	39	11
Front Room	45	5
Rear Room	37	13
Ease of Entry/Exit	41	9
Luggage Capacity	44	6
Ride		
Smoothness	33	17
Steadiness	32	18
Quietness	35	15
Seating Comfort	40	10
Overall Riding Comfort	36	14
OVERALL PREFERENCE	**34**	**16**

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

Beneath the monumental statue of Christ the Redeemer on Corcovado Mountain, the Pope raises his arms to bless Rio

Just "Look Around a Bit"

In a troubled land, the Pope pleads for social justice

Visiting Brazil, a country in which doing something as simple as giving bread to a worker on strike can be a political act, Pope John Paul II last week did his work in the shadow of two Christs: the passive Christ who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and the active Christ who called upon all mankind to "love thy neighbor as thyself."

In the slums of Rio de Janeiro, John Paul saw squalor. He climbed up a dirt road past the wooden shacks where 20,000 squatters exist under constant threat of eviction, toward a tiny parish church that serves the *favela* of Vidigal. On the way, he suddenly turned aside into a three-room hovel, where Elvira Almeida Lima, caught by surprise, had yet to make her bed or clear the breakfast dishes. The Pope gently kissed the old woman and blessed her. As he left she clutched a tablecloth and buried her face in it, sobbing. When he reached the church, John Paul removed the gold ring that Pope Paul VI had given him when he was named a Cardinal. Then he handed it to a local priest as a donation to the parish.

Those were only two emotional events in a twelve-day, 9,000-mile journey with an exhausting itinerary that took the Pope all over Brazil, the world's largest Roman Catholic nation. The papal plane touched down at Brasilia, the futuristic capital of Brazil, where the Pope marked out one of his major themes by offering President João Baptista de Oliveira Figueiredo a sermon on social justice. The tour's pitch rose in Belo Horizonte, the nation's third largest city. Youths cheered wildly and chanted, "The Pope is our king!" John Paul spoke movingly to them of life under the Nazis, when, he said, "I saw my convictions trampled on."

Visiting the hillside slum of Vidigal

"Does it not wound your heart?"

Bells pealed all across the congested city of Rio as John Paul's "Popemobile" arrived. At a jammed open-air Mass in sight of Sugar Loaf Mountain, the Pope made his way to the altar, hugging and kissing babies. Two days later, in São Paulo, the fervor of an open-air throng of 1.5 million brought tears to John Paul's eyes.

The Pope's warm gestures, the stately progress via Popemobile through city streets, the huge adoring crowds, the songs and symbolic gifts (among other things, a guitar, a coffee plant, a hard hat) are now routine in John Paul's travels. In Brazil, the familiar spectacle tended to blur the importance of the trip. The Pope's visit has notable significance for Brazil, where 80% of the 120 million people are at least nominally church members, and some 80,000 groups of believers, known

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the Datsun myth:

Dodge 024 preferred overall to Datsun 200 SX 30 to 20.

June 21-23, 1980. A panel of 50 people considering buying imports, selected by an independent test company, compared Dodge 024 sport coupe to a Datsun 200 SX 2-door hatchback. They drove both cars, rode in them and rated them in 30 different categories. The car they preferred overall? Dodge 024 by 30 to 20. A look at the scores below will show you how convincingly the front-wheel drive Dodge 024 was preferred to the Datsun. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute,Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, N J 07030.

	Prefer	
Styling	**Dodge 024**	**Datsun 200 SX**
Front End	25	25
Profile	26	24
Rear End	26	24
Overall Exterior	23	27
Seat Appearance	34	16
Instrument Panel	24	26
Door Trim	36	14
Carpeting	34	16
Overall Interior	27	23
Drive		
Driving Ease	28	22
Cornering	27	23
Acceleration	27	23
Pickup/Passing	26	24
Transmission Smoothness	29	20*
Braking Ability	38	11*
Windshield Washer Operation	31	19

	Prefer	
Convenience	**Dodge 024**	**Datsun 200 SX**
Door Handle Operation	33	16*
Glove Box Capacity	33	16*
Window/Door Lock Control	27	23
Ashtrays	17	3
Interior Lighting	30	20
Front Room	40	8**
Rear Room	43	6*
Ease of Entry/Exit	42	8
Luggage Capacity	45	4*
Ride		
Smoothness	24	26
Steadiness	25	24*
Quietness	24	26
Seating Comfort	28	21*
Overall Riding Comfort	29	21
OVERALL PREFERENCE	**30**	**20**

*No preference 1 **No preference 2

Compare.The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

Religion

as "base communities," operate mainly without priests. But in the perspective of history, John Paul's achievement in Brazil may be his often compelling attempt to link the church with revolutionary social reform but to draw the line at political violence.

The papal strictures are clear enough. But the distinction is far from clear between the strong social pressure that the Pope seems to endorse and the overt political action that he has forbidden. In Brazil, that line has become a razor's edge.

Brazilian Catholicism once lived all too cozily with dictators. After the military coup in 1964, the hierarchy rendered public thanks to God for the soldiers who "delivered us from Communist danger." But for a decade and more, Brazil's bishops have been known for their willingness to stand up to the regime in the name of Christian justice. As one priest says, "The government calls a bishop a Communist, but when we see people being exploited, we have to say this is contrary to the Gospel." The toll has been high —since 1968, by church count, 122 bishops, priests and seminarians and 273 lay pastoral workers imprisoned or detained, and 84 people physically or psychologically abused. Despite the harassment, the progressive National Conference of Brazilian Bishops has become the most severe critic of the government. The church's task now, explains Paulo Evaristo Cardinal Arns of São Paulo, is to seek "a more just and participatory society."

An indirect church-state clash occurred this spring when Brazil's auto metalworkers began a 41-day strike in São Paulo. The government, which is desperately trying to build up Brazil's industrial production, declared the strike illegal and took control of the unions. Bishop Cláudio Hummes, Arns' head of the labor pastorate, promptly opened 75 churches for strike meetings and food distribution. Earlier this year, too, by an overwhelming vote (172 to 4, though with four abstentions and 100 absent), the National Conference of Brazilian Bishops took a stand on land reform, Brazil's most serious problem. More than 30 million people have been driven off the land and into the slums since 1964 to make way for industry and agribusiness. The bishops declared the government's economic policies are responsible for the hardship. Though some labeled the action "Marxist inspired," the bishops condemned the use of land for exploitation, urging instead land in the hands of those who work it.

Reading on the plane to São Paulo

"Violence kills what it intends to create."

John Paul has made no comments on these specific church actions, but he may lay down general guidelines at a meeting of Brazil's bishops this week. Last week he steadily strengthened the hand of Brazil's progressives, in effect trying to seize the initiative in social action from Marxist revolutionaries. But as in Mexico last year, he issued notes of caution lest Catholics be lured into concluding that ends excuse any means.

Speaking to President Figueiredo and others at a Brasília reception, John Paul listed "seven rights" that instantly became a declaration for activists: "The right to life, to security, to work, to a home, to health, to education, to religious expression." In the slums of Rio he called out to the rich: "Look around a bit. Does it not wound your heart? Do you not feel remorse of conscience because of your riches and abundance?" He urged economic reorganization and a "more just distribution" of wealth. In a land where the church once preached passivity and fatalism, he urged the poor to "do everything legal to assure their families whatever is necessary for life." Afterward, listeners handed him letters asking for help in order to get running water, electricity, sewage lines and title to the land they live on.

On Thursday John Paul stood for nearly two hours in a driving rain to meet workers in a soccer stadium in São Paulo. He seemed to be drawn deeper into politics. As soon as John Paul finished his greetings, a metalworker took the microphone, and implored him to support workers as they "break the barrier imposed by the political system that governs us." The Pope called out for social justice. But he added a line that again emerged at the heart of his message. Social justice "cannot be attained by violence. Violence kills what it intends to create." ***—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by George Russell/Rio de Janeiro and Wilton Wynn/Rio de Janeiro***

Milestones

BORN. To **Talia Shire,** 34, actress who specializes in Roman numeral movies, having played roles in *Rocky I* and *II* and in her brother Francis Coppola's *Godfather I* and *II*, and **Jack Schwartzman,** 45, executive vice president of Lorimar Productions: a boy, her second child, his third; in Los Angeles. Name: Jason Francesco

BORN. To **William Lee** (Willie) **Shoemaker,** 48, America's winningest jockey, and his third wife **Cindy Barnes Shoemaker,** 30: a daughter, their first child (he has an adopted son and daughter from his first marriage and an adopted son from his second); in Los Angeles. Name: Amanda Elizabeth.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Erik Estrada, 31, macho motorcycle policeman on NBC television's *CHiPS;* and **Joyce Miller Estrada,** 40, whom he met in Hawaii while recovering from injuries received in a motorcycle accident on location; after seven months of marriage; in Los Angeles.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Harry Reasoner, 57, veteran television correspondent and wry, easygoing anchorman of CBS News's *60 Minutes;* and **Kathleen Carroll Reasoner,** his wife of 34 years and mother of their seven children; in Bridgeport, Conn

DIED. Sharif Abdel Hamid Sharaf, 41, Prime Minister of Jordan since December 1979 and a strong Arab nationalist who was one of King Hussein's closest advisers; of a heart attack; in Amman. A distant cousin of Hussein's, he became Ambassador to Washington and the U.N. after the 1967 Arab-Israeli war. Following his appointment as chief of the royal Cabinet in 1976 he had been a hard-line advocate of Jordan's close ties to other Arab states and to the Palestinians

DIED. C. (for Charles) **P.** (for Percy) **Snow,** 74, English scientist, civil servant, playwright and novelist whose writing probed the conflicts of power and conscience; of a perforated gastric ulcer; in London (*see* BOOKS).

DIED. Hilmar Reksten, 82, once one of the largest operators of independent oil tankers in the world; of cancer; in Bergen, Norway. He parlayed a modest 1929 investment in a cargo steamer into a tanker fleet worth $600 million. His fortunes ebbed when the 1973 Arab oil embargo caused a worldwide slump and left eleven of his twelve supertankers lying idle. In 1979 he was acquitted on charges of evading income taxes on $89 million in foreign earnings. Ironically, he made this year's *Guinness Book of World Records* for paying a larger percentage of his annual income in taxes—491%—than anyone else in the world.

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the VW myth:

Dodge Omni preferred overall to VW Rabbit 50 to 0.

June 10-11, 1980. A test panel of 50 men and women—in the market for import cars—was amazed as they compared Dodge Omni 4-door hatchback to VW Rabbit 2-door liftback. Not one panelist preferred the car that many label the "ideal" small car—VW's Rabbit—to Dodge Omni overall. After driving and riding in both cars and comparing them in 30 categories, every panel member personally preferred Omni overall. If you find it difficult to believe the scores (listed below) and the superiority of front-wheel-drive Omni over Rabbit in this comparison, we suggest you compare these cars yourself. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer	
Styling	**Dodge Omni**	**VW Rabbit**
Front End	45	5
Profile	47	3
Rear End	46	4
Overall Exterior	47	3
Seat Appearance	49	1
Instrument Panel	39	11
Door Trim	43	7
Carpeting	46	4
Overall Interior	47	3
Drive		
Driving Ease	47	3
Cornering	44	6
Acceleration	41	9
Pickup Passing	41	9
Transmission Smoothness	44	6
Braking Ability	42	8
Windshield Washer Operation	41	9

	Prefer	
Convenience	**Dodge Omni**	**VW Rabbit**
Door Handle Operation	36	14
Glove Box Capacity	48	2
Window/Door Lock Control	44	6
Ashtrays	47	3
Interior Lighting	47	3
Front Room	49	1
Rear Room	49	1
Ease of Entry/Exit	47	3
Luggage Capacity	43	7
Ride		
Smoothness	47	3
Steadiness	48	2
Quietness	47	3
Seating Comfort	46	4
Overall Riding Comfort	50	0
OVERALL PREFERENCE	**50**	**0**

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

Songs from a Loose Shingle

Lacy J. Dalton breathes some freshness into the country air

Jill Byrem, just out of high school in Bloomsburg, Pa., could draw, sing a little and see a future of limited possibilities. Like no job at the end of the summer. Like few friends left in town once they took off for college. She was, she recalls now, desperate.

She found an application for Brigham Young University, the Mormon school in Provo, Utah, and sent it in "because it wasn't expensive." She was accepted, and borrowed $200 from her grandmother to get there. Her favorite class was art. Jill thought she could be "one of the great ones, painting masterpieces." The students were told to draw a barn, and the results were displayed. Jill checked them out, feeling more confident about her own gifts as she went along. Then she saw one "that shook me like wheels spinning. It was art, far better than mine. It showed a loose shingle on the barn roof and a cobweb in the field. I'd missed those details that added insight to the picture. I realized I lacked the genius to see more than other eyes."

Well, maybe she cannot see it. But almost a decade and a half later, with a new life and a new name —Jill Byrem of Bloomsburg is now Lacy J. Dalton of Santa Cruz, Calif. —she can start to sing about it. Her first album, which has sold well since Columbia issued it in March, is full of rue, muscle and hot sauce. Lacy J. works country territory, but with the bright sass and brass of a newcomer bound to make a mark. Those easygoing steel guitars and refrains about wrung-dry love affairs start to sound like clarion calls when Lacy dresses them for action. With a great many folks already getting her message, Columbia plans to release a second Dalton album in September, and the Academy of Country Music has given her its Top New Female Vocalist award.

Dalton has a husky, late-night and last-drink voice that can curl under and caress a ballad, or slide, like a gravity knife, to a quick sharp point that draws blood from a backbeat. She writes, or cowrites, most of her material, making sure to stash away in the lyrics plenty of shingles and cobwebs, like the recollection of "ol' Dottie" in her *Beer Drinkin' Song:*

Down at the truck stop
Been there since we were sixteen
The only thing different, 20 years later
Is the hip size on ol' Dottie's jeans.

What Dalton describes as her "waltz for the malt" style has enough bleary good humor and lazy musical charm that one could imagine it sung by both outlaws like Waylon Jennings and slickers like Kenny Rogers. Although she calls her music "progressive," her best songs are little nuggets in the rushing middle of the country mainstream. If Lacy's performing and writing are not of themselves unique, together they are formidable, a fact acknowledged by Billy Sherrill, CBS Records vice president and executive producer in Nashville. "There are a lot of good singers out there, but there aren't that many good writers," he points out. "I think Lacy's potential can get her to the top of the country field, and then beyond."

MARCUS WERKLER

The former Jill Byrem belting out her husky sass and brass

Dalton is 33, which is practically Geritol territory by music-biz standards. But her years have allowed her to absorb some of the hard knocks and low blows that give a good old country tune perspective. She grew up in the hills of east-central Pennsylvania, on the fringes of the mining belt. Her father was a guide on a hunting preserve ("He was a good shot. I grew up eating venison"). Her mother, trained as a beautician, worked counters at local truck stops. During long evenings at home, her father played guitar, mandolin and banjo, and her mother sang while she and her younger sister Randy sat back at the kitchen table and listened. "It was strictly country," she says. "I loved the songs more than the singing. Country music is a storytelling art."

It took her a while to gather up some stories to tell. After just a few months at Brigham Young, she hitched northeast to Minnesota and got a job as a short-order cook in a joint where she could sing when business was slow. She dyed her sandy hair black, put on some weight and tried to sing like Joan Baez. "I sang foul, I looked foul," she says. Her folks found her and brought her home. "I was up to 180 pounds and my shoe size had grown by two. My mom kept looking at my feet and crying, and she didn't stop 'til we got to Bloomsburg."

Back there, she drifted through a couple of jobs, then drifted away again with a guitar player she met at the county fair. They settled in Santa Cruz, and formed a rock band that allowed her to play around in a rubbed-raw Janis Joplin style. After she married the band's manager, her luck turned all bad. He broke his neck in a diving accident and was paralyzed for three years. The band broke up. Her father died. She, her husband and their small son Adam survived on $350 in food stamps and relief a month. Then in 1974 her husband died.

To make extra money, she started singing in clubs, late gigs to which she'd bring little Adam. Then some musician friends chipped in to make a record, which she mailed to a lawyer friend in Los Angeles. He decided to manage her and sent a demo tape to CBS Records. Within a month Lacy J. was signed by Sherrill and on her way.

With her first coast-to-coast tour just completed, Lacy now seems ready to fly, as she sings, "high like an angel." Her flight plan is at once hardheaded and mystical. "Sometimes a song comes to me in a dream," she says. "I hear chords I don't know, then a voice says I don't practice enough because if I did I'd recognize them." However lofty Dalton's trajectory, it will likely remain solidly grounded in some old lessons. "I don't care if someone sings better or writes better songs," she says. "I don't have absolute standards for my music. It's all something personal, and not competitive. The first time I learned that was seeing that painting of the barn." That's a lot of good music from one loose shingle. —*By Jay Cocks.*
Reported by Dean Brelis/New York

Thanks America.
The New Chrysler Corporation is in business to stay.

We've got the money we need. We've got the cars America needs.

If you've been concerned about Chrysler's future, you should know that our financial plans are now all in place. Finally. We're back in the business of selling cars and trucks again.

And right now we've got the modern fuel-efficient 4-cylinder front-wheel-drive cars America needs. Dodge Omnis and 024s. Plymouth Horizons and TC3s—all for immediate delivery.

These cars are winners. On the preceding pages you can read for yourself how people who were in the market for imports rated our front-wheel-drive cars to some leading imports and VW Rabbit. When people compared them, they preferred our cars. And our cars have a higher resale value*. Year-old Omni and Horizon 4-door hatchbacks, and year-old 024s and TC3s have the best resale value of any cars in their class. That tells you something about our quality. Omni and Horizon owners can tell you a lot more. Our parts and servicing are outstanding, too. We've got our act together. We're in business to stay. Now watch us go.

*Comparing 1979 introductory sticker prices (with automatic transmission) vs. recent AMR resale prices

The New Chrysler Corporation

Compare. The New has front-wheel-drive cars

Dodge Omni

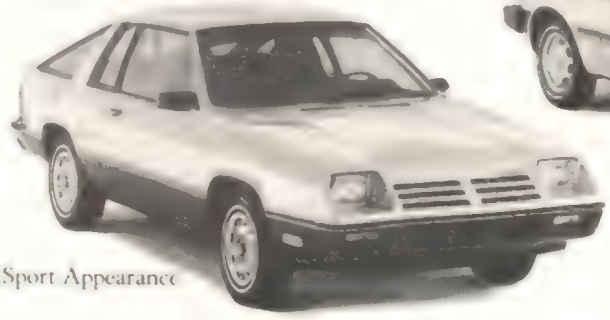
Dodge DeTomaso

Dodge Omni Custom

Dodge Colt

Dodge 024

Dodge Colt Custom

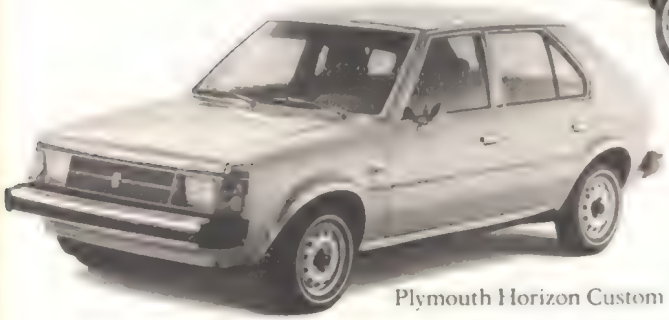


Dodge 024 Sport Appearance

Chrysler Corporation to challenge the imports.

Plymouth Horizon

Plymouth Turismo TC3

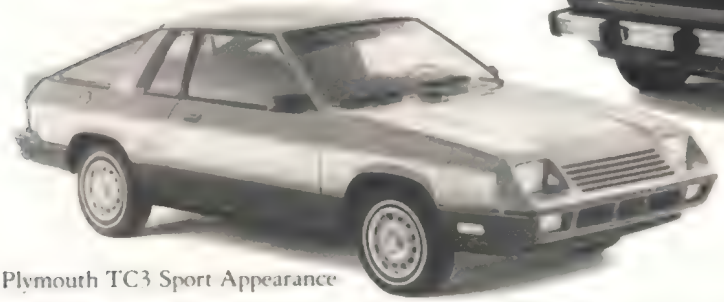


Plymouth Horizon Custom

Plymouth Champ

Plymouth TC3

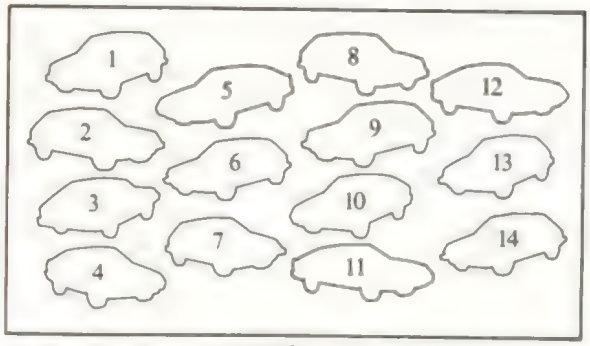
Plymouth Champ Custom



Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance

See next page for front-wheel-drive buyer's guide details.

The New Chrysler Corporation Front-Wheel-Drive Buyer's Guide.



1. Dodge Omni. $5526.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Standard features
- 1.7 liter OHC engine
- 4-speed manual transmission
- Electronic ignition
- Vinyl bucket seats
- Radial tires
- Front disc brakes
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Iso-Strut front suspension
- Independent rear suspension
- AM radio
- Electric clock
- Rear window defroster
- Tinted glass
- Rear hatchback
- Fold-down rear seat

2. Dodge Omni Custom. $5716.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Omni standard features plus
- Custom Trim Package including
- Vinyl bucket seat
- Woodtone instrument panel
- Wheel lip molding

3. Dodge 024. $5681.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- 1.7 liter OHC engine
- 4-speed manual transmission
- Electronic ignition
- Radial tires/front disc brakes
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Iso-Strut front suspension
- Independent rear suspension
- AM/FM radio/electric clock
- Rear window defroster
- 3rd-door hatchback
- Fold-down rear seat

4. Dodge 024 Sport Appearance. $6112.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

024 standard features plus:
- Rallye instrument cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer
- Black dual remote control mirrors
- Rear air spoiler
- Rallye road wheels
- P175/75 WSW steel belted radial tires

5. Dodge DeTomaso. $7271.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

024 standard features plus:
- Front and rear air spoilers
- Quarter window louvers
- Rallye Instrument Cluster
- P185/70R13 BSW tires
- Brushed metal roof band
- Four cast aluminum road wheels
- Wheel flares/sport suspension
- Performance 3.5:1 final drive ratio
- Leather-wrapped sport steering wheel
- Blackout lower body and trim treatment
- Black dual remote control mirrors

6. Dodge Colt. $4526.*
(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

- 1.4 liter MCA-Jet engine
- 4-speed manual transmission†
- Rack and pinion steering
- Power front disc brakes
- Styled road wheels
- Reclining bucket seats
- Tinted glass
- Fuel lid lock
- Flip-open quarter windows
- Rear window defrosters
- Folding rear seat

7. Dodge Colt Custom. $4896.*
(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Colt standard features plus
- 1.6 liter MCA-Jet engine
- Floor console
- Twin-stick transmission
- Sport steering wheel
- Cloth and vinyl interior
- Remote liftgate opener
- 155SR 13 WSW steel belted radial tires
- Rear security shelf

8. Plymouth Horizon. $5526.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- 1.7 liter OHC engine
- 4-speed manual transmission
- Vinyl bucket seats
- Iso-Strut front suspension
- Independent rear suspension
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Electronic ignition
- Self-adjusting front disc brakes
- Fold-down rear seat
- 3rd-door hatchback
- Rear window defroster
- Radial tires
- AM radio
- Tinted glass

9. Plymouth Horizon Custom. $5716.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

Horizon standard features plus
- Custom Trim package including
- Woodtone instrument panel
- Vinyl bucket seats
- Wheel lip molding

10. Plymouth TC3. $5681.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- 1.7 liter OHC engine
- Iso-Strut front suspension
- Independent rear suspension
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Fold-down rear seat
- 3rd door hatchback
- AM/FM radio
- Tinted glass
- Rear window defroster
- Radial tires/front disc brakes
- Electronic ignition

11. Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance. $6112.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

TC3 standard features plus:
- Rear air spoiler
- P175/75 WSW steel-belted radial tires
- Rallye road wheels
- Rallye instrument cluster with tachometer, clock and trip odometer

12. Plymouth Turismo TC3. $6905.*
(23) EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

TC3 standard features plus
- Power steering
- Dual remote control mirrors
- Premium interior package
- Halogen headlamps
- AM/FM stereo radio
- Rallye Instrument Cluster
- Power front disc brakes
- Four cast aluminum road wheels
- P185/70R13 radial tires
- Rear deck spoiler
- Black finish front, rear and side trim

13. Plymouth Champ. $4526.*
(37) EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

- 1.4 liter MCA-Jet engine
- Four speed manual transmission†
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Power disc brakes
- Reclining bucket seats
- Tinted glass
- Styled road wheels
- Rear window defroster

14. Plymouth Champ Custom. $4896.*
(33) EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

Champ standard features plus
- 1.6 liter MCA-Jet engine
- Twin-stick transmission
- Floor console
- Sport steering wheel
- Assist grips
- Cloth-and-vinyl upholstery trim
- Remote liftgate release
- Steel-belted radials

**Use EPA est. mpg numbers for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than highway estimates. Colt and Champ estimates with 4-speed manual transmission (not available in California). California estimates differ.
*Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. †No charge option.

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

People

Queen Mum stamp, first class

She will be as old as the century on Aug. 4, but Britain's beloved **"Queen Mum"** still cuts a lively figure on the country's cultural scene. And, as a new 12-pence postage stamp plainly shows, a fine-feathered figure on the country's envelopes. The stamp, the first ever honoring a dowager Queen, is part of a royal flush of tributes planned for the Queen Mother's 80th birthday. This week she will be feted for three days in her capacity as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The 900-year-old post, always held by a man until she assumed it last year, no longer requires its bearer to fight England's sea battles. It does, however, give Elizabeth sovereign beachcombing rights to anything that washes up on England's southeastern shore. Birthday greetings in bottles, for instance.

■

No more rubber chickens tossed at needling journalists in the briefing room. No more Frisbee games on the lawn of **Anwar Sadat's** summer home. And, alas, no one to lead those rousing choruses of "I'll take the West Bank and you take the East Bank" on peacemaking missions to Jerusalem. For when **Hodding Carter** resigned his post as State Department spokesman early last week, the Administration lost one of its freer spirits. Naturally the boys in the State Department Correspondents Association were not about to let him off easily. Midway into a final noontime briefing, in walked a singing messenger to crown Carter with a dunce cap and bid him a musical farewell (sample lyric: "We cry our eyes out every night./ Not because we miss you so,/ but because you didn't go/ even sooner than we'd hoped you might"). Said Carter, diplomatically: "I don't know who the jerks are who did this, but I thank you."

■

If you liked **Lynda Carter** in her Wonder Woman suit, you'll love her in her next TV special. The show, set to appear on CBS this fall, features lissome Lynda in nine costumes, all très **Cher** by Designer **Bob Mackie,** and each more wondrous than the last. In a tribute to sizzling **Tina Turner,** Carter dons flame-red tatters and a ginger wig and makes her entrance on a mock wheel of fire. Paying homage to **Bette Midler,** she slithers down a giant banana, ablaze in golden curls and boa. Perhaps most superheroic is the kiss she blows to the hard-rocking band **Kiss:** clad in feathered headdress and see-through black net, the sometime woman of steel makes a 20-ft. descent on a huge metal spider web. Top that one, Spider-Man.

■

Move over Fat Albert and the Stoned Lone Ranger. In his latest picture Comedian **Bill Cosby** plays his baddest dude yet: Barney Satan, left-hand man to Old Scratch himself. The diabolical plot of Disney's *The Devil and Max Devlin* involves much wheeling and dealing between Cosby and a hell-bound Pasadena slum landlord named Devlin **(Elliott Gould),** who is offered a rebate on his soul if he can persuade three others to mortgage theirs. The movie was shot in Hollywood, and Cosby has been cutting quite a figure there in his devilish outfit. Says he: "My wife was the only one not surprised by it. She says I look like this 30% of the time."

Bill Cosby reveals a sinister side in a devil of a role for Disney

Feathery Lynda Carter outcamps Kiss in TV tribute to the rock group

On the Record

Jack LaLanne, fitness buff, declaring that he may never die: "It would wreck my image. I cannot even afford to have a fat dog."

Mother Teresa, of Calcutta, Nobel-prizewinning missionary, asked if she does not become discouraged in her work with the destitute and dying: "God has not called me to be successful. He has called me to be faithful."

Eric Heiden, Olympic speed skater: "People ask me to give speeches. I'm 21 years old. What can I tell anybody?"

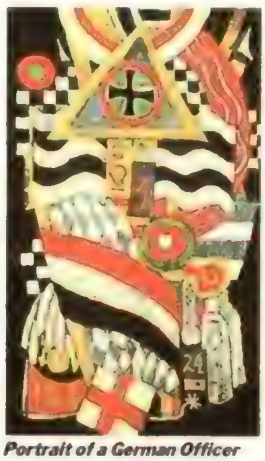
The Return of an Errant Native

Painter Marsden Hartley should never have left home

It is nearly 37 years since Marsden Hartley died at the age of 66, and he has long since become a fixture in every history of U.S. art. But owing to a series of internecine disputes, it was only this year that New York City's Whitney Museum and the Art Institute of Chicago succeeded in assembling and documenting a definitive retrospective of his career. The show, after its opening at the Whitney, is now in Chicago, will move on to Fort Worth and finally to the University Art Museum in Berkeley. The accompanying catalogue by Barbara Haskell—the Whitney curator who organized the exhibition—is in effect the first detailed biography of this complex, tortured man.

With more than 100 paintings, the show is a confirmation of Hartley's true achievement and abilities. In her text, Haskell argues that the major revelation is the all but forgotten series of semi-abstractions that Hartley painted in Germany between 1913 and 1915. She maintains that "these paintings were equal in achievement and sophistication to any work being done by the key figures of the European avant-garde." But to the less zealous eye, the show proves almost the reverse. Even Haskell concedes that well before he left for Europe, Hartley had developed a style that was distinctively his own, deeply rooted in his native Maine. After Berlin it took him nearly 20 years of floundering among styles and milieus (though his technical skill sustains even his most differentiated works) and a return to New England to recover that authority with the triumphant and unique landscapes of his last ten years. Hartley was an American original who should never have left home.

Few men lived a more disheveled life. Witty, often trenchant, Hartley rarely lacked for friends and even patrons, though support was often meager. He was always in financial uncertainty, living in countless borrowed houses, or as somebody's guest. As late as 1934, when he was 57, he had to destroy more than 100 paintings and drawings to save money on storage space.

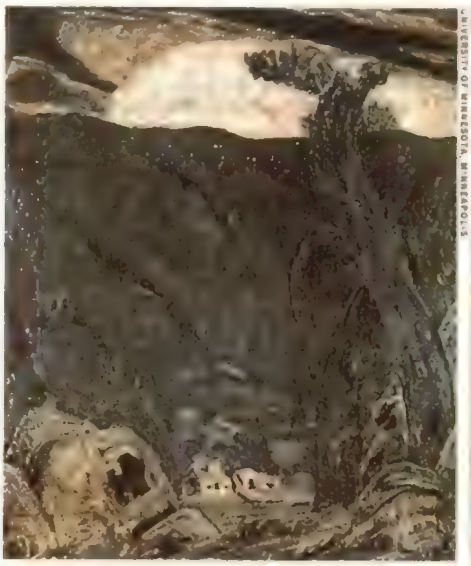


Portrait of a German Officer

Born in the Maine factory town of Lewiston in 1877, he was the youngest of nine children of a poor English-born cotton spinner. His mother died when he was eight, and the family dispersed. His father remarried and moved to Cleveland, where Marsden eventually joined him. "I had a childhood vast with terror and surprise," he wrote later. Shy and insecure, he began to paint. He received a scholarship to the Cleveland School of Art, where he so impressed one trustee that she offered him a five-year stipend to study in New York. He took classes at the National Academy of Design and spent the summers in Maine. Slowly he evolved a style of his own, ignoring conventional perspective, relying heavily on expressive brush strokes. The neoimpressionist result was what Haskell calls "a degree of gestural abstraction that would not be surpassed in America until abstract expressionism." Hartley called these works "little visions of the great intangible . . . Some will say he's gone mad—others will look and say he's looked in at the lattices of Heaven and come back with the madness of splendor on him."

In 1909 the august dealer-photographer Alfred Stieglitz gave Hartley his first one-man show at his famed 291 [Fifth Avenue] Gallery. To his delight, Hartley suddenly found himself immersed in the Stieglitz circle. But his most emotional experience was his discovery of Albert Pinkham Ryder. "I was a convert to the field of imagination into which I was born," he wrote. "I had been thrown back into the body and being of my own country." Under the spell of Ryder, whom he sought out in his downtown studio, Hartley turned out the massively authoritative series known as the "Dark Landscapes."

Stieglitz arranged to send Hartley abroad in 1912. With such sponsorship, Hartley found himself welcomed into the Parisian salon of Gertrude Stein and its animated talk of abstraction, of analytical



One of the "Dark Landscapes": *Deserted Farm* (1909)

***Mount Katahdin* (1942) was among the last of a long series on his favorite motif**

"Some will say he's gone mad—others . . . he's looked in at the lattices of Heaven and come back with the madness of splendor on him."

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cubism, of form *vs.* content. Soon Hartley was painting variants of Picasso, Braque, Delaunay, Cézanne and most of all of Kandinsky. He called his new style "subliminal or cosmic cubism."

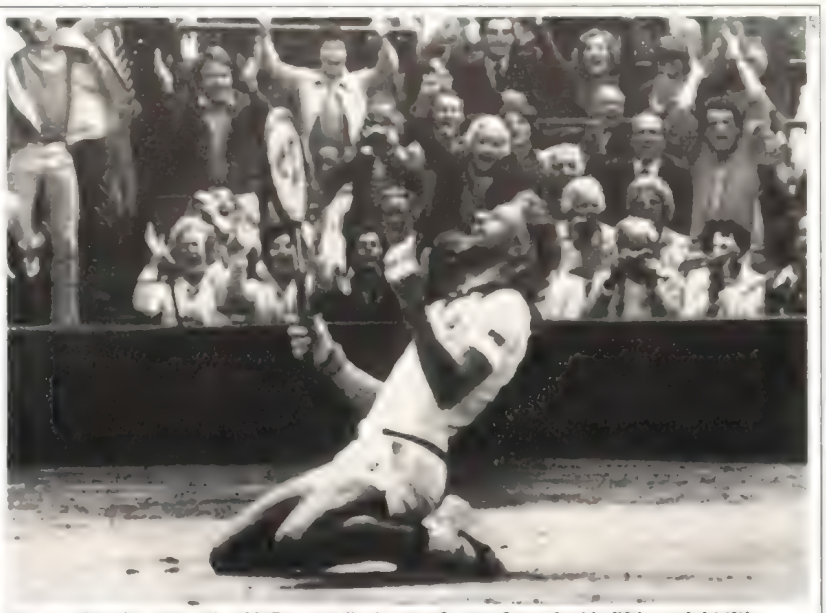
But it was Berlin that captivated him. He loved its sense of pageantry and order, qualities he attributed to the pervasive military creed of "blood and iron." Franz Marc and the Blue Rider group welcomed him; Kandinsky discoursed to him on the law of form. Hartley was also in love with a handsome young German officer, Karl von Freyburg. He evolved the style Haskell so admires, a kind of synthetic cubism heavily studded with military symbols and panoply, most conspicuously the Iron Cross itself. Von Freyburg was killed in the early months of the first World War. The result was the *Portrait of a German Officer*, which even incorporates Von Freyburg's initials in its lower left corner

Back in New York in 1916, Hartley was stunned when his German military paintings were received with hostility by a public that was increasingly anti-German. His confidence seemed shattered. He sat out the war in Provincetown and Bermuda. In 1921 he returned to Europe, wandering from Paris to Berlin to Florence to Rome

Finally Stieglitz, who felt Hartley's pictures had become unsuccessful derivatives of European models, brusquely advised him to return to the U.S. In 1930 Hartley gave in and sailed home again Once there, he returned to New England. He tried to rid his mind of the clutter of theory that had so preoccupied him. He proclaimed that "Maine is a strong silent country and so I being born there am able to express it in terms of itself with which I am familiar." By going back to his native land he would "make what was broken whole." he avowed

Hartley in 1922

By the time Hartley assayed Maine proper, he was 60 and his health had already begun to fail, chiefly from bronchitis and high blood pressure. But the Maine pictures are like nothing else in American art—powerful, brooding, with a sense of nature that is at once sympathetic and respectful of its massive power. They capture Maine in images that T.S. Eliot would have recognized: "What seas what shores what grey rocks and what islands." Hartley made the journey to Mount Katahdin, the state's highest mountain, and came back enthralled. "I feel as if I had seen God for the first time—I find him so nonchalantly solemn." When he died in a small Maine village, he was still painting versions of this long-lost but nonchalant God whom he had at last rediscovered. ***—By A.T. Baker***



Borg exults after defeating McEnroe in final set at Centre Court for his fifth straight title

Sport

Soggy Days at Swimbledon

But when the sun came out, Bjorn and Evonne shone

They were the finest tennis players in the world gathered to contest the most coveted prize in the sport. But for the two weeks of the 94th Wimbledon Championships, they resembled nothing so much as disappointed children kept in at recess, staring wistfully from clubhouse windows as the glowering skies dumped near-record rains and even a hailstorm on the hallowed courts of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club

It was one of the wettest, most frustrating Wimbledons in memory. "Swimbledon," one London paper called it. A cartoonist depicted an umpire, safe in his chair, directing a lifeboat across a submerged Centre Court: "Miss Navratilova went down just about there!" Men's Finalist John McEnroe asked plaintively: "I wonder when it's going to snow?"

Though the sun did not shine much, a couple of players did. Bjorn Borg, 24, rolled to his fifth straight title, setting a record of 35 consecutive match victories in Wimbledon play. Evonne Goolagong Cawley, 28, the most graceful player to take Centre Court in a generation, outclassed Chris Evert Lloyd to capture her second Wimbledon title

It was a sentimentalist's women's final. Evert Lloyd first won Wimbledon at 19, later added one more title. Goolagong was 19 when she won the title in 1971, enchanting English fans with her fluid strokes and gliding style. Both are married women now, and they came to the tournament as underdogs, only to play brilliantly. Evert Lloyd deposed the reigning champion, Martina Navratilova, 23, and Goolagong stopped the rising star, Tracy Austin, 17, to meet for the crown But it was Goolagong, playing tennis as though it were a sonata, not a sport, who carried the day. She won the first set 6 games to 1, then held off a gritty comeback by Evert Lloyd to win the final set in a tie breaker, 7-6.

For the men's final, the rain held off as Borg and America's McEnroe hooked up in an epic five-set, four-hour confrontation. McEnroe, 21, reached Centre Court by knocking off Jimmy Connors in a stormy semifinal the previous day. Against Borg, however, he was the picture of decorum—and skill—as he fought back brilliantly. After sleepwalking through the first set and losing 6-1, Borg won the next two and in the fourth set was only a point away from winning the championship no fewer than seven times. But McEnroe held him off again and again, finally winning an extraordinary 18-16 tie breaker that will be remembered as one of the most dramatic in Wimbledon history. In the fifth set neither man was able to break the other's serve until Borg did so in the 14th game for an 8-6 victory and a record fifth consecutive Wimbledon title. "It was my hardest and best championship," he said after the match. And then he promised to be back next year for a go at No. 6. ■

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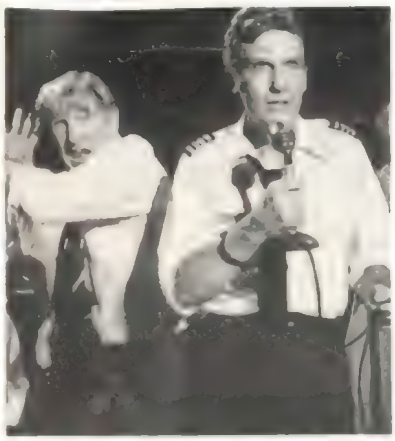
Cinema



Bridges and Stack in *Airplane!*

Happy Landing

AIRPLANE!
Directed and Written by Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker

Since they are all self-parodies anyway, the notion of making a satirical version of *Airport* and its three ridiculous sequels seems superfluous, if not impossible. But *Airplane!* may be this summer's most cheerful lunacy. Its style is basic collegiate raunch (imagine a disciplined *Animal House* or a frugal *1941*). Its plot is an admitted rip-off of an even earlier example of the imperiled-airliner genre, 1957's *Zero Hour*. What is particular to the new film is its jostling comic inventiveness and pitch-black humor. The pilot and co-pilot (Peter Graves and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar) are stricken, in flight, by food poisoning. There is another pilot (Robert Hays) aboard, but having led his squadron into disaster during combat, he is afraid to fly. Before finally agreeing to land the plane, he passes the time telling his sad, tedious story to fellow passengers, many of whom commit suicide—literally—rather than listen to his droning.

Even if his tale were something more than a pastiche of romance movie clichés —offering, incidentally, targets ranging from *Saturday Night Fever* to *From Here to Eternity*—it is hard to imagine anyone paying him much attention. There is so much more unplanned in-flight entertainment going on elsewhere. Up in the cockpit, a child is criticizing Jabbar for not hustling on defense. The boy himself is being slyly propositioned by marvelously straight-faced Pilot Graves. "Have you ever seen a grownup man naked?" he inquires in the same tone he might use to describe the flight plan. Eliciting no response, he tries a subtler approach: "Do you like Turkish prison movies?"

But then, things are rough all over. Back in the cabin there is the obligatory little girl with the obligatory malady journeying to a life-or-death operation. Cheering her up with a song, one of the hostesses knocks the child's life-support system loose with a merry swoop of her guitar. On the ground, an increasingly harassed airport manager (Lloyd Bridges) reverts to bad habits as the pressure increases ("I guess I picked the wrong week to stop sniffing glue"). There is also, naturally, a senior pilot (Robert Stack) who is expected to talk the plane in. He is supposed to be lovably gruff, but is, in fact, just plain mean-spirited. Veteran Actors Bridges, Graves and Stack are all wonderfully alive to the opportunity to send up roles they have had to play straight for most of their careers—good sports, all of them.

Airplane! is a splendidly tacky, totally tasteless, completely insignificant flight, a gooney bird of a movie that looks as if it could never get off the ground and then surprises and delights with its free-spirited aerobatics. —*By Richard Schickel*

Futuristic bikers in *Mad Max*

Poetic Car-Nage

MAD MAX
Directed by George Miller
Screenplay by James McCausland and George Miller

There is something—and these days, when most movies resemble Bel Air rummage sales, it seems a precious thing—called directorial integrity. It does not mean that the man behind the camera tithes his salary for Cambodian refugees; it means he knows how to make movies: how to shoot and edit pieces of film so they cohere, blend to create laughter or suspense, speak eloquently in the special language of the cinema. Steven Spielberg, Alan J. Pakula, Martin Scorsese, John Carpenter know the language. So does Australian Director George Miller, whose first feature contains sequences of violent, pure cinema poetry.

Mad Max is a punk-gothic horror movie about a gang of vicious hot-rodders who terrorize the few survivors of an atomic apocalypse, and who are tracked down and slaughtered by a draconian police force. As a story, the film makes for overwrought, even repellent melodrama. The movie has little feeling for, or interest in, the human idiosyncrasies of its characters: they are glorified stunt men, stock figures in stock cars. But *Mad Max* is not a "people picture." It is an action movie whose subject is machines, and the sophisticated killing machine man could become. The hardware is the star here: the souped-up Chevies and demon motorcycles, captured by Miller's supple, fender-level camera—one machine in sync with another. With his instinct and craft, Miller has provided more autosuggestive violence on a $1 million budget than *The Blues Brothers* did with half the Chicago police force and $30 million.

Because Miller dared to make a movie without a single graduate of *Saturday Night Live*—or, for that matter, a single liberal impulse—his film has been consigned to the grind houses, where audiences are responding as Miller wants them to ("Eek!" "Ugh!" "Wow!"). From there *Mad Max* will find its way to the film schools and revival houses, where its tough-gutted intelligence may be appreciated. —*By Richard Corliss*

Thou Shalt Not

WHOLLY MOSES!
Directed by Gary Weis
Screenplay by Guy Thomas

This bastard son of *Monty Python's Life of Brian* had possibilities: Dudley Moore, fresh from his conquest of Bo Derek, plays Herschel, a comic biblical figure who never quite made it into the Bible. Instead he meets a fatherly slave (James Coco), a feisty pharaoh (Richard Pryor), a counterfeit beggar (David L. Lander), an inept angel of the Lord (Paul Sand), a show-bizzy Arab (Dom DeLuise) and an ornery young woman (Laraine Newman) who leaves Herschel to tryst with Goliath and is turned into a pillar of salt. Even in A.D. 1980, the wrath of God should not be ignored: for He brought upon this production a plague of unfunny punch lines and lackluster performances. There are a couple of droll sight gags (Goliath's oversize undershorts hanging out to dry; Coco at work in the pharaoh's palace, trying to sweep up hundreds of frogs with a dustpan and broom), but nothing can redeem *Wholly Moses!* from its destiny of eternal mirthlessness. It is a tattered Torah indeed, a comedy made out of hole cloth. —*R.C.*

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Lynchburg, VA	WSET-TV	Ch. 13
Madison, WI	WKOW-TV	Ch. 27
Manchester, NH	WMUR-TV	Ch. 9
Medford, OR	KOBI	Ch. 5
Memphis, TN	WHBQ-TV	Ch. 13
Meridian, MS	WTOK-TV	Ch. 11
Miami, FL	WPLG	Ch. 10
Milwaukee, WI	WISN-TV	Ch. 12
Minneapolis-St. Paul, MN	KSTP-TV	Ch. 5
Missoula, MT	KPAX-TV	Ch. 8
Mitchell, SD	KXON-TV	Ch. 5
Mobile, AL	WEAR-TV	Ch. 3
Moline, IL	WQAD-TV	Ch. 8
Monahans, TX	KMOM-TV	Ch. 9
Montgomery, AL	WKAB-TV	Ch. 32
Mt. Washington, NH	WMTW-TV	Ch. 8
Naples, FL	WEVU	Ch. 26
Nashville, TN	WNGE	Ch. 2
New Bern, NC	WCTI-TV	Ch. 12
New Haven, CT	WTNH-TV	Ch. 8
New Orleans, LA	WVUE	Ch. 8
New York, NY	WABC-TV	Ch. 7
Norfolk, VA	WVEC-TV	Ch. 13
Oak Hill, WV	WOAY-TV	Ch. 4
Oklahoma City, OK	KOCO-TV	Ch. 5
Omaha, NE	KETV	Ch. 7
Orlando, FL	WFTV	Ch. 9
Palm Springs, CA	KESQ-TV	Ch. 42
Panama City, FL	WJHG-TV	Ch. 7
Peoria, IL	WRAU-TV	Ch. 19
Philadelphia, PA	WPVI-TV	Ch. 6
Phoenix, AZ	KTVK	Ch. 3
Pittsburgh, PA	WTAE-TV	Ch. 4
Pocatello/Idaho Falls, ID	KPVI	Ch. 6
Poplar Bluff, MO	KPOB-TV	Ch. 15
Portland, OR	KATU	Ch. 2
Providence, RI	WPRI-TV	Ch. 12
Raleigh, NC	WRAL-TV	Ch. 5
Rapid City, SD	KEVN-TV	Ch. 7
Redding, CA	KRCR-TV	Ch. 7
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Richmond, VA	WTEX-TV	Ch. 8
Rochester, NY	WOKR	Ch. 13
Rockford, IL	WREX-TV	Ch. 13
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St. Louis, MO	KTVI	Ch. 2
St. Petersburg, FL	WTSP TV	Ch. 10
Salisbury, MD	WMDT	Ch. 47
Salt Lake City, UT	KTVX	Ch. 4
San Antonio, TX	KSAT TV	Ch 12
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Santa Barbara, CA	KEYT	Ch 3
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Scranton, PA	WNEP TV	Ch 16
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Shreveport, LA	KTBS TV	Ch 3
Sioux City, IA	KCAU TV	Ch 9
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Springfield, MA	WGGB TV	Ch 40
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Superior, NE	KSNB TV	Ch 4
Syracuse, NY	WIXT	Ch 9
Tallahassee, FL	WECA TV	Ch 27
Terre Haute, IN	WBAK-TV	Ch. 38
Toledo, OH	WTOG-TV	Ch. 24
Traverse City, MI	WGTU	Ch. 29
Tucson, AZ	KGUN-TV	Ch 9
Tulsa, OK	KTUL-TV	Ch 8
Tyler, TX	KLTV	Ch. 7
Utica, NY	WUTR	Ch. 20
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Waco, TX	KWTX-TV	Ch 10
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Washington, D.C.	WJLA-TV	Ch 7
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Weslaco, TX	KRGV-TV	Ch. 5
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Wichita, KS	KAKE-TV	Ch 10
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Republican Convention

ABC NEWS abc

The final analysis.

For many years, Freudian psychiatry held exclusive franchise over curing all maladies of the mind. But with the emergence of some 200 mental therapies, this once healthy body of science now finds itself on the couch. And who but TIME Magazine could analyze it?

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The Unmuddling of Mudd

A loser in the Cronkite sweepstakes, unjolly Roger jumps ship

Roger Mudd learned the news only moments before it was officially announced last February: Dan Rather, the handsome, rat-a-tat-tat *60 Minutes* correspondent, had been chosen to succeed Walter Cronkite as anchorman on the CBS *Evening News*. Until that instant, Mudd, 52, had been sure that the job would eventually be his. He had, after all, been filling in for Cronkite on weekends and vacations since the late '60s. Stunned and humiliated, Mudd took a paid leave of absence and in June began talking to rival networks ABC and NBC. "I have regarded myself as a news reporter," he intoned, "not as a newsmaker or celebrity."

Mudd finally made his move last week. He signed with NBC as "chief Washington correspondent," and there was speculation that he would succeed John Chancellor as anchorman, perhaps as early as next year. Said Chancellor: "I think I will stay beyond the elections, but I don't know how long." One knowledgeable correspondent sized up NBC's anchor situation this way: "What [News President William] Small has in mind is keeping Chancellor on if he wants to stay and betting that Chancellor will catch up in the ratings with CBS when Cronkite goes. If he doesn't, then Small will try the combination of Jessica Savitch and Mudd or Tom Brokaw and Mudd, with Mudd based in Washington."

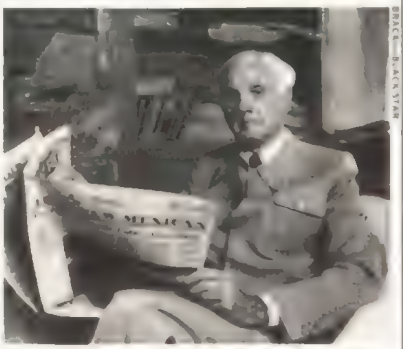
ABC offered Mudd an evening news anchor position in New York (joining those in Washington, Chicago and London), but he did not want to leave his native Washington, where he has worked in television for 24 years. Indeed, Mudd's professional reputation rests almost entirely on his reporting in the capital, a fact that seemed to hurt him in comparisons with Rather, who has done tours in London, Viet Nam and Washington. Says Washington *Star* Political Writer Jules Witcover: "Among the writing press covering politics, Mudd is considered the top broadcast reporter. He's the one guy who really covers politics in the off years, who gets around." Some CBS executives found Mudd to be smug and difficult to get along with in recent years, but they are paying a considerable compliment to his skills: CBS plans to hold him to his contract (it extends through 1980) until the day after the Nov. 4 elections.

During the past three months, NBC has slipped into last place in the evening news ratings, behind longtime leader CBS and newly aggressive ABC. Desperate to reverse the slide, NBC last month hired Diplomatic Correspondent Marvin Kalb, 50, away from CBS—but only after taking the questionable step of guaranteeing him a certain number of appearances on the nightly news each week. The network also announced that its *Today Show* would air ten "exclusive" interviews with Presidential Candidate John Anderson during the Republican Convention, a gimmick of dubious news value and fairness.

Mudd should help in more substantive ways. He has a wry sense of humor, and some of his better pieces have poked gentle fun at the foibles and failings of American politics and its practitioners. His interview with Senator Edward Kennedy last fall caught the candidate at his inarticulate worst and is possibly the most important work of political journalism of the entire campaign. On-camera, Mudd is soothing if somewhat stolid. For viewers who like someone more neutral than the electrifying Rather, Roger Mudd may some day be the man of the evening half-hour. ■

NBC's new "chief Washington correspondent" at his CBS office in January

"I have regarded myself as a news reporter, not as a newsmaker or celebrity."



Robert McKinney at home in Middleburg, Va.

Chain Loses Link

A publisher regains his paper

Like many newspaper owners who sell out to a chain, Robert McKinney decided to stay on and help run the place. But McKinney did not like what the Gannett Co., the nation's largest newspaper group (82 dailies with a combined circ. of 3.5 million), was doing to his Santa Fe *New Mexican* (circ. 17,960). So he sued to get it back, and last week he won. Federal District Judge Santiago Campos ordered Gannett to return the *New Mexican* after a six-member jury ruled that the chain had breached an employment contract McKinney signed when he sold the paper in late 1975. The publisher had also charged that Gannett never intended to fulfill the contract, but the jury found no evidence of fraud.

McKinney, 69, a former U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland, was supposed to stay on five years as board chairman, publisher and editor in chief. According to McKinney, Gannett violated his "full management authority" when it ignored his objections to an editorial criticizing a political candidate. His suit, which also sought $10 million in damages, charged that Gannett made unauthorized staff changes, most notably replacing the man he had named president and general manager. Judge Campos said the chain "clearly indicated that they wanted Mr. McKinney off the masthead and that they wanted to strip him of his responsibilities."

Gannett officials said the chain had to take a more active role in running the paper because McKinney, who lives in Middleburg, Va., was in Santa Fe so infrequently. Gannett Chairman Allen H. Neuharth said the decision was "outrageous" and "based on politics and provincialism rather than fact or law." McKinney declined to comment. The trial is set to resume next month to determine how the paper should be returned, and Gannett plans to appeal its loss. Groused one *New Mexican* staffer: "We'll be in a state of limbo for years." ■

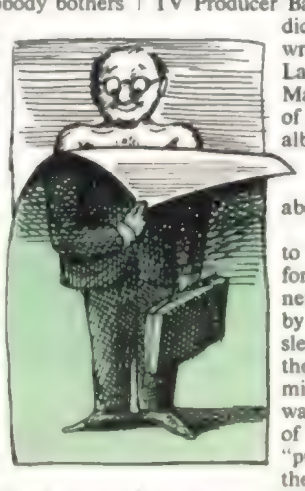
Time Essay

The Bull Market in Personal Secrets

In those days I think she'd experiment sexually with anything and she was absolutely open about it.
—Tallulah, Darling, by Denis Brian

I told Marlon to hurry and get all his clothes together and go up on the roof because I didn't know whether Burt would come back up the elevator or run up the stairs.
—Shelley, by Shelley Winters

Tidbits of such an odor would have caused gasps if they had been mentioned in private chats not long ago, or full-blown scandals if they had appeared in print. Today nobody bothers to lift an eyebrow at the seamiest intimate tale, not even when it is about the life of a President. The reason is plain: tidings of intimate goings-on have become as common as junk food in the U.S. In fact, the country has developed what looks like an enduring bull market in personal secrets.



Tattletale stories have always been around, true, but never so numerously, so brazenly, so unrelentingly as today. The personal travails and bedroom vagaries of real people are blared forth in newspapers and magazines, on television and in movies. Biographies and autobiographies about and by celebrities actually deliver the shadowy scandals that fan magazines used to promise in misleading blurbs. And so many books are rattling once closeted skeletons that even gamy chronicles about the likes of Tallulah and Shelley have to fight for attention. Ordinary Americans, moreover, tend increasingly to litter casual small talk with personal secrets of a sort that only priests and the most trusted confidants once enjoyed.

The public traffic in what used to be respected as intimate lore is conspicuous and feverish enough to have provoked some thought about the implications of the trend. Something more than a mere departure from decorum must be involved when a society begins to live habitually in a blizzard of under-the-rug sweepings. Only the simple-minded could shrug it off as nothing more than a side effect of the open and permissive social mode that emerged in the 1960s. Letting it all hang out may be refreshing and even healthy, but not under all circumstances; neither honesty nor candor requires that anybody's, let alone everybody's, intimate life be ventilated on the village green. The booming commerce in intimacies is extraordinary if only because U.S. society so strongly cherished the personal preserve in the past. The American's home may still be his castle, but, given the drift of things, it is easy to imagine that a peering, leering crowd is gathered at the window.

The personally sacred realm used to enclose a great deal that went on at home and at large; there were reasons for confidentiality between doctor and patient. But the variety of intimate matters now bandied about is without apparent limits. On talk shows like Phil Donahue's, ordinary people regularly recount stories of emotional disturbance, marital discord, incest. Men chat about their vasectomies, women about their hysterectomies. The spectacle of Lyndon B. Johnson flashing his surgical scar to the world, so vulgar at the time, seems comparatively genteel in retrospect.

The revelatory fever has only recently reached an epidemic scale. Only seven years ago, Americans were astonished, shocked and dismayed—as well as fascinated—when public television presented *An American Family,* an exhibition of the personal trials and griefs of the family of Bill and Pat Loud, including their on-the-air breakup. But the Loud show's tell-all mode clearly proved infectious. Since then, the traffic in intimate secrets has become almost a staple of popular entertainment. Consider:

In *Bittersweet,* Actress Susan Strasberg tattles about her adolescent affair with Actor Richard Burton, and exposes gritty, drug-fueled scenes from her marriage to Actor Christopher Jones. In *Haywire,* a memoir that has become a TV film, Brooke Hayward (daughter of Actress Margaret Sullavan and Producer Leland Hayward) immortalizes a family history of divorce, breakdown, suicide. In *Mommie Dearest,* Christina Crawford depicts her mother, Actress Joan Crawford, as a promiscuous lush given to brutal child abuse. In *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can,* TV Producer Barbara Gordon publicizes the story of her addiction to Valium. In *Memoir of a Gambler,* Playwright Jack Richardson details his flings with Las Vegas whores. Rhythm and Blues Singer Marvin Gaye has even turned the bitter themes of a painful 14-year marriage into a hit record album, *Here, My Dear.* Author-Director Bob Fosse has let it be known that his own life is echoed in his film *All That Jazz,* a tale about a lecherous choreographer.

The demand for exposed intimacies is easier to understand than the supply. The public hunger for spilled beans is just more of the craving for news, the yen to be titillated, touched or amused by the foibles and agonies of others. Squalid and sleazy tales may reinforce the smug superiority of the righteous or provide perverse comfort for the miscreant. But Americans of all stripes have always had, though not uniquely, what University of Chicago Law Professor Philip Kurland calls a "public commitment to voyeurism." Still, why is the voyeuristic hunger suddenly being so abundantly pandered to? Why are so many people revealing personal secrets so casually?

The wish for money and attention stands at the top of a confusion of reasons. Yet venality and exhibitionism together do not account satisfactorily for the eruption of personal intimacies that marks this era, no more than simple curiosity can account for the greedy consumption of them. The traffic in intimacies may be a naive, if elaborate, response to the generalized loneliness and isolation that are characteristic of the times: it may represent a form of sharing, though a desperate form. Many psychologists attest that lonely people have an extra-special wish to know what other lives are like, and that those who disclose their inner lives basically crave acceptance. Public confession has increased, says University of Chicago Theologian Martin Marty, as the popular sense of God has diminished. Says Marty: "When you can't talk to God, you've got to tell a million people." That insight parallels one offered by Sociology Professor Todd Gitlin of the University of California at Berkeley: "The public has become the new priesthood of the confessional."

The trend, finally, suggests the working of human currents more fundamental than a shift in manners and mores. Serious observers have long worried about the capacity of modern technical civilization to manipulate mass society partly by exposing and trivializing personal values that were once held secret and sacred. Twenty-six years ago, in fact, French Sociologist Jacques Ellul, in *The Technological Society,* forecast: "Our deepest instincts and our most secret passions will be analyzed, published, and exploited." The great eruption of secrets is, finally, more than amazing. It is also a bit ominous.

—By Frank Trippett

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

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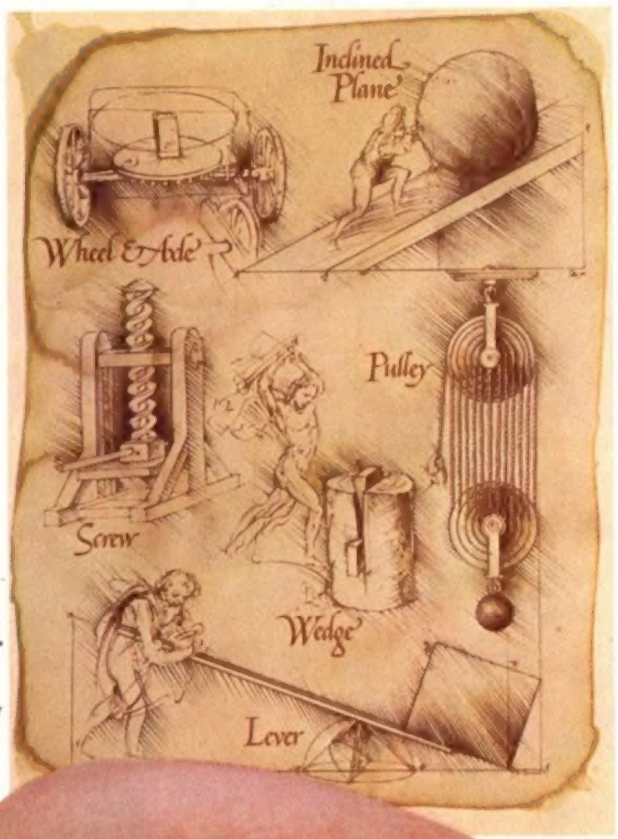

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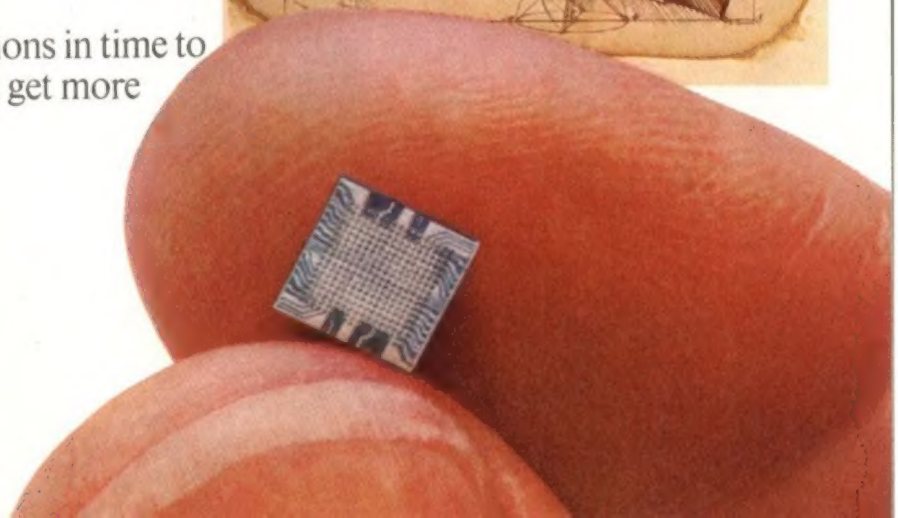

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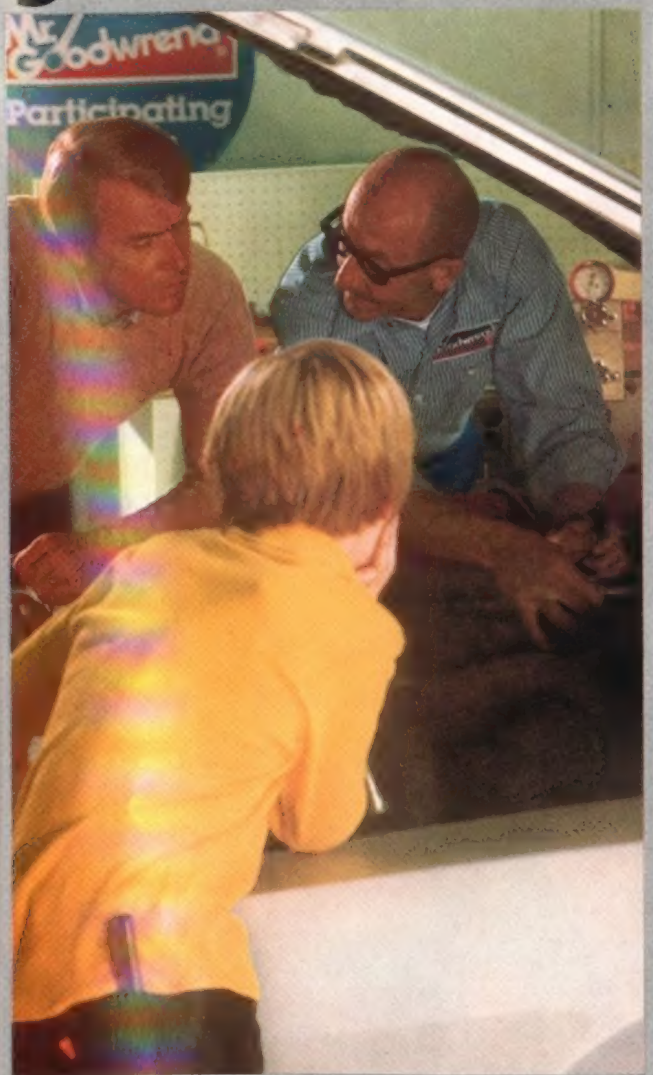

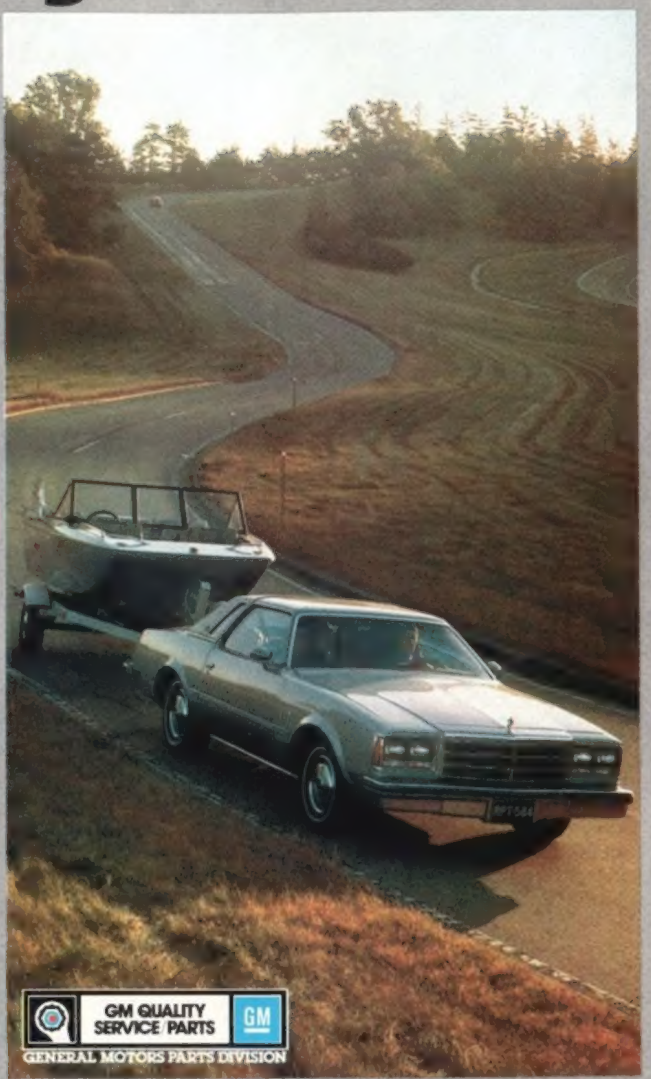

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